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BEFORE DEPARTURE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Come with thy quiet step, Friend Lille.
The day shifts into night—
And through my fleecy curtain steals
The moon's uncertain light;
The winds from out the forests come,
Laden with moist perfume,
To breathe of woody sights and sounds,
Low through my quiet room, Friend Lille,
Soft through my pleasant room.

Here is thy favorite seat, Friend Lille.
Here where the soft rays shine,
Thy head lies on my quiet knee,
Thy hand lies close in mine;
Like amethysts, thy lustrous eyes
To mine are lifted up—
The flush within thy cheek is like
The wine within the cup, Friend Lille,
The pure, transparent cup.

How do the shadows seem, Friend Lille,
To ever come and go
Around thy form, thy small white form,
Thy hair's inconstant flow—
But, ah! the thought which shade-like comes,
And will not go away—
That we may never sit again,
As we have sat to-day, Friend Lille,
So fondly sat to-day.

The moon doth raise her veil, Friend Lille,
To pour her lustre here—
A diamond sparkles on thy cheek,
Ma mignonne, 'tis a tear!
Alas! when next these rays come down—
Thou wilt be o'er the sea,
And I shall dream of thee alone.
Say, wilt thou dream of me, Friend Lille?
Wilt ever dream of me?

Philadelphia, March 9th, 1860.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER I.

There are not many scenes this side the "Delectable Mountains," more beautiful, after their kind, than the Brandywine Hills. There is nothing grand, nor sublime, nor magnificent in them; there is no stern or rugged feature, except one of which I will speak in a moment, to be seen, as far as the eye can reach, in that part of them among which my story begins; but the hills roll back in long, gentle slopes east and west from the little river; low, exquisitely rounded hills, rolling back and back like waves, with sweet valleys sleeping between them, through which flow small streams, sometimes silently, sometimes gurgling over stones and against sharp turns in the banks, into the river. It is the beauty of tenderness and repose. Soft shadows slumber on the hillsides and in the valleys, and nestle among the masses of foliage in the woods which still overspread the country.

In the cool gray of the dawning, in the shimmering blaze of a July noon, bathed in the golden splendor of the sunset, or sweeping their wavy outline in strong, sharp relief against the night sky, they are alike beautiful with a solemn, tender loveliness, whose recollection never fades out from the hearts of any who have lived among them.

The one rugged feature of which I spoke—and that is not visible at a distance which takes in the whole sweep of the landscape—is a rock which stands upon the right bank of the river, about two or three hundred yards below the bridge over which the Strasburg road crosses it, and about two miles from the Borough of West Chester, now one of the prettiest towns in Eastern Pennsylvania—though at the time of which I am writing, consisting as it did of a single tavern, known then, and indeed ever since, with the exception of a year or two during which it did duty as a girl's boarding-school, as "The Turk's Head," its beauty may be said to have been in an undeveloped and inchoate state. There may have been a blacksmith's shop, and a country store, also; I presume these concomitants were not wanting; but having no historical evidence thereof, and wishing to be as exact as circumstances will admit of, I had rather not say positively.

This rock rises perpendicularly from the water's edge to the height of about forty or fifty feet, having, near its southern extremity, a mass of stone projecting some six or eight feet from its rough, craggy face, over the water, at perhaps three or four feet above the ordinary surface level, and perfectly flat on the under side, thus forming a capital shade from sun, or shelter from rain for that most patient class of men yclept anglers; albeit the stream at this day, furnishes but little to reward their patience.

On the south side the rock, covered there, as indeed everywhere except on its perpendicular face, with green sod, rises with a steep ascent to the top, while backwards it slopes by a gradual descent to the level of the country behind; from the top, northward, runs a rather steep bluff for some distance up the stream, and parallel with its course.

At present, there are a few trees scattered over its sides and top, while a number of others, some large and some small, grow in front of it, on the strip of ground between it and the stream which flows placidly on below. At the summit, the ground is covered with scattered boulders, some loose, but mostly only cropping out above the surface, which, near the front, is much broken; the highest part humps up, as it were, into a ridge, leaving a rugged, irregular terrace on each side, that on the south falling away rather precipitately, and that on the north stretching away up the stream, as I have mentioned, in a steep bluff, almost resembling an artificial embankment.

The ridge above is not more than thirty or forty feet wide where it begins, running back and gradually widening as it goes, to the distance of perhaps five hundred yards, before it is lost in the level of the ground in the rear; rough near the face of the rock, but growing smoother as you recede from it.

Below the rock, for some distance down the stream, and extending two or three hundred yards on each side of it, the ground consists of low and level meadow, rich and fertile, as indeed is all the land in this part of Chester county.

About a quarter of a mile or so before you reach the bridge, which steps on its solid stone piers across the Brandywine, a road turns off to the left from the Strasburg road, nearly at right angles with it, and runs parallel with the stream at about the same distance, 'till it reaches what is known as the "Factory," (which, for twenty years past, has gone periodically into a state of syncope for want of funds,) where the stream sweeps to the eastward, so as to bring itself close to the road; thence they run cosily side by side to Jefferis' ford, and thence the road leaving the stream goes across the country, past Strode's mill, (both of them points connected with Chester county's share of Revolutionary history,) to Birmingham, which is as far as we need to follow it. On the east side of this road, about two or three hundred yards below the main road, and in full view of the rock, stands a quaint little old brick house with a steep roof, which through modernized in some respects, still retains one of the narrow windows, glazed with small lozenge-shaped lights, set in lead, which was brought from England when the house was built. Nobody knows how old the quaint little building is, nor who built it; but there it stands, facing the old rock, a relic of the good old times, the only thing there with which man's meddlesome hands have had anything to do that saw the time when Chester county was part of "ye ppovince of Pennsilvania"—at whose door, for aught I know, William Penn himself may have sat on some summer evening with his plain cocked hat laid off to allow the cool evening wind to play on his brow, while he looked abroad through the curling smoke of his pipe, over the goodly land which the munificent Charles II. had allowed him to buy from the red owners of the soil, and thus cancel a bad debt the monarch owed to William Penn the elder.

Verily William the younger found it an exceedingly bad debt before he was done with it.

At the door of this house, on a pleasant evening in the beginning of July, 1777, resting after his day of labor, sat an old man quietly enjoying the evening air as it came cool and moist from the creek, laden with the fresh smell of the sedge upon its banks. The sun was sinking behind the trees, and the mist was beginning to settle down along the course of the stream, while the light grew fainter and fainter as the night came on.

The old man had been sitting silently, his eyes wandering carelessly over the scene before him, when something in the by-road on which the house stood, attracted his attention. Turning partly around in his chair, towards the door, he called,

"Jenny!"

"What is it, father?" answered a low, very pleasant voice within the house.

"Come here and tell me what this is comin' up the mill-road. I can't make out whether it's a steer or a man on horseback."

"Why, father, it's a man on horseback," said Jenny, coming beside him; "I can see him plain."

"Yes, yes, young eyes are better than old ones; to me it looks like nothing but a big black spot movin' along; can thee see who it is?"

"No," said Jenny, "I can't make out yet; if I do know him, it's too dark, and he's most too far off."

Jenny stood by her father scrutinizing the stranger, until the latter, having arrived opposite the door, reined up his horse and stopped, looking inquiringly for a few moments, apparently at the old man and the house, after the usual greetings had been exchanged.

He was a well-built man, about five feet ten inches high, rather slender, but muscular looking, and clad in an ordinary citizen's dress. At last he spoke.

"Can you tell me where a person lives named Thomas Sanford, somewhere in this neighborhood?"

"That's my name," said the farmer, "what does thee wish with me?"

"You are the man I'm looking for then," said the stranger, with a frank smile. "I judge so from what you say, as well as from the location, which answers the description pretty well, and—and—from some other things which Frank told me," he added, with a glance at Jenny.

"Frank!" exclaimed the old man, "then thee comes from—where *does* thee come from, and who is the Frank thee speaks of?"

"I come from Philadelphia," said the stranger, "and the Frank is the man to whom you lent this purse with instructions to send it back by the right man"—laying a slight emphasis on the last words, and holding out an ordinary leather purse with a steel clasp, and very gaunt looking sides.

"Thee comes from Frank Lightfoot, sure," said the old man, getting up and taking the purse from the other's hand, "he's sent back the purse leaner than he took it; but light down, light down, and come into the house; thee's hungry and so's thy beast, I know; Jenny got something for this friend to eat—I forgot to ask thee thy name—"

"Bettle; William Bettle," answered the other, dismounting; "but it would be as well, for several reasons, that my name should be kept as quiet as possible; just call me William; nothing more."

"I understand," said the old farmer, "calling names does no good. Here, Mike!" he added, addressing the hired man who had just made his appearance, "take this critter to the stable and give him a feed and some water, and rub him down and put some straw in the stall for him."

"Yis, sur," said Mike, springing into the saddle with a "whoop, git 'lang now!" and kicking his heels into the spirited beast's sides as he lit.

Showing off one's agility on strange horses is sometimes unsatisfactory in its results. The fiery animal, as he felt the heels touch him, sprang from all fours into the air, whirling half round as he did so, and suddenly humping his back in a way that shot Mike up as if from a spring, and landed him in a very crumpled state in the fence corner on the opposite side of the road, with the horse looking at him as quietly as if nothing had occurred.

"Roland don't fancy strange heels in his ribs," said Bettle, drily, as he crossed the road to the assistance of the discomfitted Mike. "Any bones cracked, neck put out of joint, or any little matter of that kind?"

Mike slowly raised himself, feeling his limbs, and carefully moving his joints one by one, looking first at the horse and then at his questioner, in a kind of ireful bewilderment, without speaking.

"All right, I see," said Bettle; "nothing's out of joint but the nose this time. I think you'll find it quite as comfortable an arrangement to *lead* him to the stable:" which Mike immediately did, with a rather crestfallen air.

"That's rather a 'ree' critter 'o thine," said the farmer, as Mike led the horse away. "As Mike's not hurt, I'm not sorry to see his comb cut a little, he's so fond of braggin' about his ridin', and sayin' there are no horses here fit for a 'gintleman' to ride."

"Roland is an Irish hunter, and therefore a neighborly if Mike hadn't introduced himself quite so uproariously. But what's up now?" exclaimed Bettle, suddenly, as a fierce, ringing neigh, followed by the sound of a lash or two, then a sudden rush of the horse and a crashing blow of his feet upon what seemed to be some boards, came from the barnyard. "The fool is beating him! He'd better have grappled with a mad bull."

So saying, Bettle rushed to the stable just in time to see Mike standing behind the pump, his teeth chattering and hair standing on end with fright, while the horse, with his ears laid flat back upon his head, and the foam flying from his distended nostrils, leaped, open-mouthed at him, right over the well-curb and the trough that stood upon it, snapping at him savagely as he passed.

"Och, git out ye divil!" exclaimed Mike, dodging around the pump again, so as to have it between him and the furious brute; "ye're no horse at all; ye're—

"Run, you fool! Run for your life!" shouted Bettle, darting into the yard. "The horse 'll kill you! Run, I say!"

It was high time; for the beast finding that he had missed his aim, had turned again after making a short circuit, and was crouching for another spring.

Mike ran with a speed he never accomplished before nor afterwards, never stopping till he was safe in the house, with the door bolted.

As he shot past Bettle, who was standing about halfway between the gate and the pump, the horse came flying over the well-curb again, after him, but as he lit, Bettle, who had stepped directly in his track, threw up his hand, saying, calmly enough, "Halt! Roland;" and the horse, in the heat of his mad fury, stopped as if he had been struck dead.

"Thee has the beast under tolerable good command," said Thomas Sanford, from the gate whither he had hurried, though not quite so fast as the younger man. "I don't think a farm horse would have understood that 'Halt!' as well as thine did. I reckon he's smelt powder before now; and there's something about thee that looks as if it would be more at home under the blue coat than the drab one thee wears."

Bettle smiled, and answered,

"I suppose there's no use in denying that I'm a soldier, or that Roland has been trained to something besides road service. I'll tell you more when we get to the house. In the meanwhile, I had better take him to the stable myself, as I don't suppose Mike will want to have much to do with him. Where shall I put him?"

The farmer accompanied Bettle to the stable, the horse following as quietly as a dog, and indicated the place he was to occupy, where Roland, in a few minutes, was standing at his ease, munching the fragrant hay with which the rack was filled.

They then returned to the house, where they found supper ready, with Jenny at the head of the table, her mother sitting at a little distance

THE YOUNG PARTISAN.

from it, knitting, and Mike in the chimney corner, recovering, as well as he could, from his fright. He was not naturally timid, but he had never come in contact with anything in the shape of horseflesh possessing the peculiar traits of character with which Roland had so unceremoniously made him acquainted; and let me tell you, you who are incredulous, that there is no more dangerous wild beast on this earth than an enraged stallion: and a braver man than Mike ever claimed to be, might well be excused for letting his discretion get the better of his valor under the circumstances. Besides, he was firmly persuaded in his own mind that the horse was possessed of an evil spirit, and as soon as the two men entered, he exclaimed, eagerly,

"Did ye exercise the divil out iv 'im, mister? Sure I niver was so frekened in my life."

"There was no devil in him to be exorcised," said Bettle, quietly; "but he don't like the whip, and I'd recommend you not to try it on him again."

"Sure an' I'm not goin' within raiche iv his ugly mouth agin, nor thim hales o' his aither. Bedad whin he sthruck at me wid his fore faate, they splut the well curb like an axe." So saying, Mike, whose bones were a little sore, betook himself to bed.

The supper was soon over, Bettle being the sole performer, as the family had finished their meal an hour before; he then entered into an explanation of the meaning of his visit.

Frank Lightfoot, he said, had directed him to Thomas Sanford, as a staunch Whig, and one who could tell him where to find fifteen or twenty bold, active young farmers of Frank's acquaintance, who were ready and willing to fight, if they had anybody to lead them. Did Thomas know of such, and would he give him the assistance Frank had promised?

"Yes," answered the farmer, "I do know, I s'pose, that many idle young vagabonds, who are ready for anything but useful work. But it was strange for Frank to send thee to *me* on such an errand. He knew well enough, as I s'pose *thee* knows by this time, that I am a Friend, and—"

"So am I," said Bettle, quietly, "and have had none but Friends in my family since William Penn came over."

"And a soldier!" said Mrs. Sanford, who was a stout, comfortable, motherly old lady, such as most farmers' wives become; "how's that; haven't they dealt with thee?"

"No," answered Bettle, smiling; "I'm in good standing in the meeting to which I belong. Did you never hear of the Free Quakers?"

"Yes," said Thomas, "I have heard tell of them, but never knew much about them. I s'pose thee's one, of course."

"Yes, I am."

"Have they all dropped the plain language, as completely as thee has!" inquired Jenny, mischievously.

"Well, no," answered Bettle, coloring slightly, "the fact is, I've been so much in bad company, as regards that, for a year or two past, that I've got out of the way of using it, almost without knowing it."

"Never mind that, Jenny," said her father, "I want Friend William to tell me more about the people called Free Quakers."

Bettle proceeded to give the history of the schism, in substance as I shall describe it in a future chapter, having no room for it here, and contrived to interest the old farmer so much, and so far to enlist his sympathy in the movement as to induce him to say,

"Well, if thee chooses to go among the boys, and talk the matter over with them, and Mike chooses to tell thee where to find them, I don't know as I can help it, though I may not feel exactly free to tell thee myself. It's hard to know exactly what *is* right. I'll tell thee this much though, most of the people in this region are Friends and Loyalists—what thee calls Tories—and I must keep quiet on the subject, if possible, so as to keep out of trouble with the meeting and with them. Thee will stay here, as a visitor, as long as thee sees proper, and I shall ask no questions about matters that are none of my business. Thee understands?"

"Perfectly," said Bettle, "and I'll take care not to compromise thee."

He was gradually drifting back into his old style of language, partly from the force of present associations, and partly because he had an idea that it would please Jenny better.

And this reminds me that I have omitted a very important matter, that should have been attended to earlier. Here have I been talking, through the larger part of a chapter, about a young lady, without giving any idea of her personal appearance.

The fact is, there was nothing very extraordinary about her to describe. She was not one of your impossible beauties, but she had a face that was pretty enough, though not handsome, in what I conceive to be the strict acceptation of the term; that is she had no features that were aristocratic or classical, (whatever those terms may mean,) but simply a sweet, rather childish face, shaded by chestnut-brown hair, which *would* run waving across her forehead and cheeks, in spite of all her efforts to coax and smooth such vanities out of it. Her complexion was of a clear red and white, which contrasted well with large hazel eyes, that, in repose, had something, in kind, though not in degree, of the sad, dreamy look of Fred's Evangeline, if you ever saw the engraving; it is the most touching face, in its depth of desolate woe, that ever artist's pencil drew or engraver's burin traced. I love to see a broad, well opened eye, in either man or woman; one into which your own glance sinks, as it were, sounding unfathomable depths of clear light. When Jenny was aroused by conversation, or her attention was attracted in any way, she had a frank, earnest look, straight and steady, into the eyes of the one to whom she spoke, or listened; an expression of simple, straightforward sincerity and faith, that showed a nature utterly free from guile in itself, or suspicion of it in others. There was something in this look of hers, joined to her low, clear voice, that attracted Bettle, as he had never been attracted before.

He was a good looking fellow himself, moderately tall, broad shouldered and narrow hipped, with well developed muscles, and a rather small head surmounted by light curly hair, and with blueish gray eyes, in which, though their expression, usually, was mild and quiet, there shone, now and then, as he talked of the war and its events, a light, quick and flashing, that showed that there was a world of reckless daring beneath that quiet exterior. He was about twenty-three years of age, and had satisfied himself, or rather, the thought had slid into his mind, almost insensibly, that Jenny must be somewhere from eighteen to twenty. *I am afraid* that something else was sliding into his mind—or his heart—along with this calculation, quite as insensibly, and taking a good deal firmer hold of it. At any rate, unconsciously to himself, his conversation was soon directed almost exclusively to Jenny, who sat opposite him, looking into his eyes with that earnest look I have mentioned, which seemed, without any design on her part, to read what he was saying, even before he had uttered the words.

What feelings occupied her mind I will not undertake to say, or whether any but the curiosity and interest a maiden might naturally feel, in listening to and conversing with a young and good looking stranger, who was talking upon subjects in which she felt a great interest.

Women do not fall in love as promptly as men do. Sophisticated or unsophisticated, trained in the menage of society, or growing up artless and unsuspecting in the seclusion of home, they keep a better guard upon their feelings, acting unconsciously from the instinct of danger—a faculty entirely apart from reasoning or judgment, working independently of both, and always on the alert in the weak when thrown into collision with natures stronger and more aggressive than their own.

It was so with Jenny Sanford. She was interested in Bettle; she could not help admiring him, and contrasting the gentleness and courtesy of his manner, not only towards herself, but towards her aged parents, with the hearty but frequently uncouth demonstrations of the young men of the neighborhood, who, up to this time, were all she had seen of male society. Women do not like feminine men, though they frequently make them useful, but they do like gentle ones, who treat them as reasonable creatures, and not as children or playthings; who show them a manly deference and respect instead of obsequious servility on the one hand, or a coarse assumption of superiority on the other.

I said that Jenny was interested in Bettle; and after the group had separated for the night, she found herself recalling his look and voice with a vague, indefinite kind of pleasure, such as she had never before experienced, and which she neither understood, nor thought of analyzing. Even had she possessed experience enough to do so, she would at this stage, with her Quaker feelings, and principles even more powerful, have shrunk from the thought of becoming attached to a soldier, and one whose sole errand in the neighborhood was to procure men for a purpose which she had always been taught to abhor as unrighteous and abominable.

No, Jenny was not in love, *yet*; but the soldier had a share in her dreams, nevertheless.

CHAPTER II.

The family were stirring next morning by sunrise; a good old country fashion, which we in the city have pretty thoroughly got rid of.

In fact, here, unless your business calls you up early—and when you have enough of it for that in the city, it is very apt to keep you up *late*, too, thus cutting off your sleep at both ends—I really can't see any sound reason for getting up much before breakfast time.

In the country, had we been with Bettle, as he walked slowly along the road, towards a little bridge which he had crossed the evening before, just before reaching the house, we might have seen what he did; the thin morning clouds floating tranquilly over the horizon, in the growing light, golden-edged below and rose-tinted above, relieved against the pale blue of the eastern sky; the wide sky itself, with no bound but the distant horizon, to which his gaze travelled over rolling hills, crowned with solemn old woods; over quiet valleys, dotted with trees in little groves, or standing in lonely majesty; over the calmly flowing Brandywine and its tributary streams, flashing where the rising light danced from them, like mirrors held towards the sun. We might have seen old Deborah's Rock, with its seamed and rugged face all aglow with the flood of sunlight which poured directly upon it, lighting up even the dusk and gloom beneath the pent-house crag that projected over the water from its foot. We might have heard the wild birds singing by the thousand among the orchard trees, in the chestnut groves, and the bushes which fringed the banks of the little river; all warbling at once, each in his own time and at his own pitch, but all, somehow, blending in a wonderful harmony. And the chattering of the blackbirds from the willows that fringed the run, on whose edge he stood listening to the musical murmur of the water; while from the topmost sprig of the solitary hickory tree, where he sat with his head knowingly slewed half around, watching Bettle's motions out of one bright eye, the crow shouted hoarsely his uncouth welcome to the sunrise; from the meadow below, rose the lark's long, liquid whistle, and from every farm the cock's harsh, rasping call.

If we get up by sunrise in the city, what have we? The sun does not rise on the city at all. He only gets up from behind the houses or the end of the long street, a mile or two off. We have no crisp, dewy air full of the fresh, sweet scent of new mown hay and clover blossoms, but instead, a smoky atmosphere, with a chilly dampness, impregnated with villainous coal gas, and heavy with a vague sooty smell, as though it had been cooked over night and been slightly scorched in the process.

For the song of birds, the lowing of cattle, and the booming of the musical cow-bells, we have the rumbling of bakers' carts, the rattling of milk and market wagons over the cobble stones, and the rumble of street cars, enlivened by the infernal howl of the factory steam whistles pealing and echoing all around. Decidedly, getting up early in the city, merely for the sake of getting up, don't pay; and that, after all, where business is king, is the ultimatum in all questions.

Bettle sat upon the rail of the bridge watching the glancing water as it shot away beneath him, and abandoned himself, passively, to the influence of the scene around him. Many thoughts passed through his mind. Old recollections of childhood crowded back upon him, some quaint and grotesque, bringing a faint smile upon his face as they trooped fantastically before him; some tender and solemn, full of that *indefinite sadness, which is not* sorrow nor regret, but resembles them only,—

"As the mist resembles rain."

In all these thoughts, Jenny Sanford somehow was present in some incomprehensible, though seemingly natural connection. From some power of association and sympathy, he felt as though he had always known her. She was the embodiment of many a boyish vision and romantic day-dream.

She it was, he knew now, whom under Protean shapes, he had defended and saved in all manner of imminent perils, in his dreams. She it was, whom he had rescued, single handed, from a troop of banditti, in a horrible dark, lonely forest—whom he had carried from the burning house, where the fire was raging beneath him, and the charred beams bent and cracked beneath his tread, and the reeling walls gaped open, and the red flame licked out through the fissures as he sprang over the fallen door into the street, and bore her off triumphantly amid the clanking of the engines, and the shouts of the toiling firemen. She it was, for whose sake—At this moment his reveries were cut short by the horn blowing for breakfast. The sound recalled him at once from the delicious dreamland in which he had been wandering, and he walked slowly back to the house, where he found the meal prepared and the family seated at the table, including Mike, who had pretty well recovered from his last evening's fright, and two young men, one apparently about his own age, the other about sixteen, whom Jenny introduced as her brothers, explaining their absence the evening before, by saying that they had been helping a neighbor get in his harvest, and had stayed over night.

Jenny looked as fresh as the morning itself, and blushed just a little as Bettle greeted her, for she recollected something of her dreams, in which the young soldier had figured somewhat prominently.

Bettle had recovered his faculties, and with them his cool ease of manner; and no one would have suspected that the frank, off-hand, careless man, had in his nature the capability of such a reverie as the breakfast horn had roused him from; he talked to the old people about the harvest and the prospect of crops, told the young men anecdotes of the war and its stirring incidents, talked with Jenny of the beauty of the country around, inquired of Mike concerning his bones, and offered to introduce him to Roland; an offer which Mike declined with a grimace,—and by the time the meal was over, had the whole family as completely at home with him as though they had known him for years.

After breakfast, he went to the stable and carried and rubbed down his horse—a thing which every American officer, in those days, was expected to be able to do as well as his men, or better,—while the two sons stood by, watching with admiration the beauty of the animal, and the skill with which his master groomed him; and Mike stood at a more respectful distance, eyeing the horse rather nervously, especially, as the latter, though he stood perfectly still, once or twice turned his eyes towards him, an' laid his ears back.

"You had better keep out of his sight for a day or two, Mike," said Bettle, "he hasn't forgotten last night's work yet, and he may attack you sometime when I'm not near."

"Why, what's the matter with Mike and the beast?" inquired Mahlon, the younger son.

"Oh, nothing much; Mike undertook to lash him last evening; Roland didn't like it altogether, and Mike had to run for it," said Bettle, throwing the saddle upon the horse's back and fastening the girths; "I would like to go to that large rock yonder; can you tell me where I can ford the stream?"

"Yes," said John, the elder brother, "there's a ford where the Lancaster road yonder crosses the creek, but Mahlon here will go with thee, if thee would like company, and show thee wherever thee wants to go.

"Nothing could be better," said Bettle, "if you would like to go," turning to Mahlon, who he saw was eager to go.

"Oh, yes, I'd like to go, right well," said the boy; "I'm ready for anything; father says, anything but work; but I'm always ready for that too, when there's nothing better on hand; anyhow; I can push John, here, in the wheat field, if I can't cut as wide a swathe. Just wait till I saddle my horse, and we'll be off."

In a few minutes more Bettle and his companion were cantering briskly along the hard, level road which skirts the foot of a steep, wooded hill, the long shadows capering fantastically before them on its beaten surface.

Entering the stream a rod or two above, where Buffington's bridge now stretches its solid stone bulk across, they reached the other side, stepping on shore, not as now, into a nest of workshops, the rattle of whose cranks and wheels, enlivened by the monotonous "bumpetty-bang" of a tilt-hammer, scares all the peace from the beautiful river, but into the quiet road again, which, however, they soon left for a bridle-path which led off to the left, through the woods towards the rock.

Leaving their horses at the back of the rock, tied to a sapling, the two companions proceeded along the slope until they reached the top, where Bettle's observant eye noticed at once the peculiar formation of the top, and the facilities for holding it against an enemy by posting thirty or forty men among the scathed rocks, and behind the inequalities of the ground; also, that it commanded a good view of a considerable stretch of road to the eastward.

"This will do," said Bettle, "we could hold this place against an army. Do the people in the neighborhood often come up here?" he inquired, turning to Mahlon.

"No," said the boy, "I don't think anybody comes here once a month. They never come if they can help it, and never stay long when they do."

"Why?" said Bettle.

"'Cause they're afeard of Deborah's ghost. They say it lives under the big rock that sticks out over the water."

"She must find it rather damp," said Bettle, quietly.

The boy glanced at him with a half-quizzical look.

"Then thee don't believe in ghosts?"

"Not much," said Bettle, coolly; "I'll wait *till I see one that I can't show to be something* else. But who was this Deborah, and what brings her ghost here?"

"Oh, it was in the old times, when the Injins was about here; she jumped off the edge of the rock one day, 'cause the fellow she wanted wouldn't marry her, I b'lieve."

"Well," said Bettle, "when I see her, I'll ask her how it happened; is there any path by which horses can be got up here?"

"Not easy, unless you go back and come up the ridge; it's too steep, and the trees are too thick; but what would thee want to bring horses up for; does thee think of makin' a randy voo of the old rock?"

"I want to see if it would do for that," said Bettle; "if there was any way for horses to travel up and down, and no danger of the place being visited, it might do for that purpose sometimes. At any rate," he added, half soliloquising, "it would be a capital place to retreat to if we were hard pushed."

After a little more examination of the ground, Bettle came to the conclusion that it was practicable for horses, even, on an emergency, up the side of the hill, though it was a thing to be done only in utter desperation.

Descending, they remounted their horses, and rode to the house of another farmer, about two miles off, where Mahlon assured his companion that he would find at least three able-bodied men who were ready to enlist.

"How do?" said the farmer, as they rode up to the barn, where all hands were busy unloading a hay wagon. "How do, Mahlon? How's the folks? Got through hayin'?"

"Yes," answered the boy, "all in the mow."

"Who's this friend with thee?" inquired the old man, who, though not a Quaker, either in principle or practice, had from long association, insensibly adopted their phraseology.

Mahlon whispered in the farmer's ear, when the latter, seizing Bettle's hand, shook it warmly, exclaiming,

"That's right, that's right! Thee's come to the very place. I s'pose I'm too old for service, ain't I; what does thee think?"

"Not too old to do good service, yet; but ours is of a kind I should be sorry to put an old man at. It is too rough and helter-skelter a life for any but young men who have some spare strength and vitality to draw upon."

"Well, maybe I better stay home and look after the old woman and the gals, for they're gettin' a little skeary with all this war news; but I've got three boys here that I know 'ud ruther be handlin' a bagnet than a pitchfork, or swingin' a broadsword than a scythe."

"Are they good riders?" inquired Bettle, glancing up at the door of the hay-mow, in which the "boys" were busily engaged in trumping down the hay as it was thrown in. "Can they stick on a horse wherever they touch him, right side or wrong side up? We'll have wild riding to do."

"I'll warn't 'em. I'll war'nt 'em;" said the old man. "They've all three 'most growed up on horseback. Boys! come down here; I want ye."

The three young men leaped out of the window upon the load, and slid thence to the ground, light, active forms, with broad, square shoulders which a life of work gives to men, and gathered around their father and Bettle, answering his pleasant "good morning" cordially enough.

"Now, look here, boys," said the father; "here's the chance you've all been wishing for. This—what did thee say was thy name?"

"I didn't say anything was," said Bettle, smiling; "you didn't give me a chance. My name is William Bettle. I am one of the lieutenants of a troop of irregular cavalry, under the command of Captain Ellis Clayton, a worthy member, like myself, and a good many others of the troop, of the Society of Friends."

"A Quaker!" exclaimed father and sons together. "A Quaker officer of a Quaker troop! That's somethin' new. Does Tommy Sanford know that?" added the old man.

"Yes," answered Bettle; and then gave them a short description of the separation, as he had done to Thomas Sanford.

"That's a fine beast of thine," said one of the sons. "Are all the horses in the troop equal to him?"

"Not quite; but all that we have are good. We couldn't get along with second-rate horses."

"The boys have good beasts," said the farmer; "they are all three-parts blooded, and as sure-footed and active as cats."

"That's just what we want," said Bettle. "Now let us understand each other exactly; we want just the kind of men I take you to be: strong, active, fearless, ready for anything, and willing, if they join us at all, to join for the war, whether it be long or short. For pay, I'm afraid I must promise you more hard knocks than hard dollars; they are a good deal more plentiful. So far, all who are in the troop, have equipped themselves at their own expense, and are able and willing to take their chance of pay when they can get it. Now, I have been perfectly frank with you, What do you say?"

"Why, I say," said the old man, "that I'll undertake to equip 'em, and keep 'em equipped, if they can't do it themselves, just as long as they choose to stay."

"Well, gentlemen," said Bettle, "may I calculate upon you?"

"We are willin', if we can go under thy orders," said the eldest brother.

"Of course, if you would rather," said Bettle; "each lieutenant has a division under his separate command, though all are subject to the captain's orders. You can come into mine, if you wish, as it isn't full; but you will have the hardest and most dangerous service to perform, along with the rest of us."

"That's just what we're ready for," said the brother who acted as spokesman. "I reckon thee won't find us far behind the rest."

"Very well; I'll depend upon you," said Bettle. "Now if you can persuade any other good, hearty fellows—you know about what I want—to join you, you can help me, as well as your country. But I must go; I have several more I want to see to-day."

So saying, Bettle bade them good morning, and cantered away with his young companion, while the farmer and his sons stood looking at the light, springy movements of Roland, with an admiration which was mingled, in the minds of the young men, with a slight degree of bewilderment at the suddenness with which they found themselves enlisted for a war of very uncertain length and sufficiently doubtful result.

"Well, father, what's thee think?" inquired one of the sons.

"A Quaker troop of horse, with a Quaker captain. Well, I never!" said the old man; "what do I think? Why, I think the cause that has made that sort of fightin' men, is a good one and *must* succeed."

The men returned to their work for the present, while Bettle and Mahlon pursued their journey, visiting a number of persons in the course of the day, with varying, but, on the whole, tolerable success. At any rate, he succeeded in getting the promise of two more to join the troop, and returned to Thomas Sanford's in the afternoon, pretty well satisfied with his day's work.

He found it quite refreshing after his warm ride to meet Jenny again, looking as fresh as she had done in the morning, and with the faintest possible little blush upon her face, as she asked him "how many soldiers he had caught?"

"Only five," he answered, laughing, "if I had a tempting bait I might have done better; but I have to fish with a bare hook."

"How does thee mean?"

"Only, that I don't want to deceive anybody and be told of it afterwards; so I tell them all just what they have to expect, and then let them decide."

"That's right," said Martha, her mother; "I like that in thee; but thee's not going to persuade my boys to go, is thee? I don't feel as if it would be right."

"Not on any account, unless thee and—" he glanced at Jenny, who was looking eagerly at him, "not unless you are all willing."

"Oh, no, I can't spare my boys; thee mustn't think of them; it would kill me to lose them."

"Many a mother has lost her boys in this sad war, Martha," said the old man, solemnly, "and many another will lose 'em before it's over. Why should we keep back ours if they're needed for the work?"

"It's no use talking, Tommy," said she, "I can't consent; thee won't take them, will thee?" she added, imploringly, to Bettle.

"Make thyself easy," said Bettle, "no word of mine shall lead them off; and if they should go without thy free consent, it will be because I can't persuade them to stay at home; I've no wish to leave hard thoughts or sorrow behind me, where I have been so kindly met as I have been here."

There was a very eloquent look of gratitude on Jenny's face, as she turned it towards the speaker, which said a great deal, though her lips said nothing; and perhaps Bettle understood it quite as well.

This point being disposed of, and Martha's mind at rest, the evening was spent very much as the previous one had been.

The next morning was a repetition of the one I have already described with the exception of the reverie on the bridge, which was not repeated.

Bettle remained in the neighborhood about two weeks; not spending all the time, however, at Thomas Sanford's; old Azariah Woodward—better known, both to himself and his neighbors as "'Riah Wood'r't"—the farmer who had so unceremoniously turned his three sons over to Bettle to be made troopers of, having insisted upon keeping him as a guest for several days, effectually backing his arguments in favor thereof, at the beginning, by coolly locking Roland in the stable one afternoon, and sending his man to Sanford's after his rider's portmanteau. Most evenings, however, found Bettle at Sanford's. He spent the two weeks in diligently gathering recruits, and training them in the peculiar discipline of the troop, of which he, as indeed were all the lieutenants, was as perfect a master as the captain himself.

He met all sorts of people in his researches; Tories, with whom he argued good humoredly, whenever they would let him; though he had felt it incumbent upon him, on one occasion, at a raising, where, without any special intention of the kind, when he began, he found himself making a regular speech, to take one of this class by the waistband of his breeches and the slack of his shirt, and pitch him into the Brandywine, for calling him "a bloody cantankerous rebellizin' varmint." The fellow, who was full twenty pounds heavier than himself, and had been the bully of all gatherings of the kind, scrambled out of the water, shook himself, and simply remarking, "Stranger, you're not a bad hand at a hyst," betook himself to another part of the ground amid the uproarious laughter of the crowd. He found men who were anxious to enlist, only they didn't exactly like that particular kind of service; men who made it a simple question of pay; men who were well enough satisfied with King George, though they would have no objection to this independence, if somebody else would take the trouble to get it for them; men who were "on the fence;" who "didn't know 'zactly what to say; hadn't thunk much about it; reckoned things 'ud come round about right, anyhow, after bit; 'ud see 'bout it," &c. He found, however, in addition to those he had procured the first day, half a dozen (of whom the ducking episode at the raising had procured him four, on the spot,) of just that restless, adventurous temperament to which the irregular service he promised them, was especially adapted.

He had now eleven able-bodied young men, all well mounted—this he made a *sine qua non* —and armed, some with rifles, some with fowling pieces.

Satisfied, by this time, that he had possession of all the patriotism of the neighborhood, all that was likely to be demonstrative, at least, he prepared to return to Philadelphia with his small force.

As I said before, he had found himself somehow in Jenny Sanford's company almost every evening; and whatever he may have thought at first, when he was about to leave her for an indefinite time, he had no doubt whatever as to the nature of his feelings. He loved Jenny Sanford. There was no mistake about it; and he felt pretty well satisfied that she knew it as well as he did. He felt as little doubt that his love was frankly and freely returned.

True, no such word had passed between them; but words are not necessary to an understanding between hearts that feel and answer each other's mute calls for sympathy.

Sudden! did you say? Love is always sudden, lady. I said before that women do not fall in love as promptly as men do, but when you first discovered that you loved your husband that is, or is to be, I care not which, were you not conscious of a feeling in your heart that was never there before? Something new and strange, and of a wondrous power, to which you had been, up to that moment, a stranger?

Well, the day came. The new recruits were waiting on the Lancaster road, and Bettle stood with Jenny at the gate of the old farmhouse to say farewell. His voice shook, in spite of himself, and his hand trembled as he held Jenny's in his grasp, and spoke the parting word. As he galloped to the great road, and the party moved along it towards the city, she stood, with the family, watching him, until her eyes were dim with the tears that *would* come; and she hurried into the house, and to her own room, to hide them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THEN why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well;
Not for the sake of winning Heaven,
Or of escaping Hell.
Not for the sake of losing aught,
Or hope of a reward,
But as thyself hast loved me,
O, ever-loving Lord.

—*St. Francis Xavier.*

☞ He who gives himself to vice must inevitably suffer. If the human law does not convict and punish him, the moral law, which will have obedience, will follow him to his doom. Every crime is committed for a purpose—with some idea of future personal pleasure; and just so sure as God governs the universe, so surely does a crime, although concealed, destroy the happiness of the future. No matter how deeply laid have been the plans of the criminal, or how desperately executed, detection pursues him like a bloodhound, and tracks him to his fate.

☞ "Give me a kiss, dear girl." "I can't," she replied; "I don't mind lending you one, but I must have it returned to-morrow."

☞ The passages in a book which a man would mark at twenty, he would generally no longer mark at forty, and that, less from an increase of knowledge than a change of feeling. Great is the merit of that book which contains much that responds, in some measure, to the different phases of thought in every era of human life.

☞ If the stars should appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore.—*Emerson.*

☞ Men's lives should be like the day, more beautiful in the evening; or like the summer, aglow with promise, and the autumn, rich with golden sheaves; where good works and deeds have ripened on the field.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,		$3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,		3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,		3,50
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Four "	(and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$5,00
Eight "	(and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
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☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen*, or twenty names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents to pay the cost of postage, mailing, &c. The cost of this engraving in the stores is Four Dollars! It is a gem.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

UNVEILING.

By the late advices from Europe, we perceive that the Emperor Napoleon, in his speech to the Legislative Assembly, takes ground against the annexation of Tuscany to Sardinia, and in favor of the incorporation of Savoy with France.

Louis Napoleon seems to us to unite in his own person two characters, not unfrequently met with, though seldom in such an elevated and influential position—we mean the Confidence Man and the Man with the Little Jokers. As the great Confidence Man of European politics, he is perpetually demanding that implicit faith should be reposed in him, both by despotic sovereigns and liberal peoples. He is continually avowing the most generous and magnanimous sentiments, and, like the lion in the menagerie, is only desirous of having the general head in his mouth, in order to prove that he is utterly incapable of biting it off.

As the Man with the Little Jokers, his play is unrivalled. Now you see the ball, and now you do not see it. Now Nice and Savoy are *under the Cardinian thimble*—now again they are under the Napoleonic one. And so with Tuscany and the Romagna, which are shifted about between the Napoleonic, Papal, and Ducal thimbles in a manner truly surprising.

But "the safety of the French frontiers requires the annexation of Savoy"—this is the last statement. How long Louis Napoleon has been in finding this out. When Mazzini said, at the breaking out of the Italian war, that Savoy was the price that Sardinia was to pay for the expulsion of Austria from Italy, Louis Napoleon and his organs scouted the charge. It was monstrous to suppose that the French Emperor had any selfish designs—it was all a disinterested fight for an idea—France being the only nation in Europe magnanimous enough to fight for an idea—so the great Confidence Man phrased it. But now, as the game of fast and loose begins to draw to a close, it is ascertained that the annexation of Savoy is required for the *safety* of France.

This is a slight departure, we believe, from the generally received opinion. It has been held, we believe, that the safety of the Italian frontier required the possession of Savoy; but it had not occurred to military men that France was in any particular danger from Sardinia, and therefore they had not looked at the matter from the Emperor Napoleon's point of view. We remember, in the fable, that the wolf found just cause of offence against the lamb, because the latter muddied the water in the stream below where the said wolf was standing, and thus interfered with his drinking; but the wolves among the nations generally find that a partial maiming of the lamb is necessary for their personal security. And who can blame a wolf for looking out for his personal safety?

Well, every game, if we wait, must be played out sooner or later. Time ultimately decides upon the genuine or insincere character of all professions. Louis Napoleon's present clutching at Savoy—whether he succeeds or fails in his attempt—will do much to enlighten the world as to the true motives of his actions. Behind all his high pretensions, men will be perpetually on the watch for Savoys—as many not very suspicious observers have been from the beginning of his Imperial career.

A MODEL SUBSCRIBER.—Mr. L. D., of Saint Louis, who has been a subscriber to THE POST for thirty years, and says that he thinks it is about time for him to do something for it, sends us the names of three new subscribers, with the subscription money for all three for *three* years in advance! Mr. D. has our thanks; and we pass him round to our brethren of the press as a model subscriber.

AQUARIUMS.—In answer to a correspondent, we may say that we have, we believe, already published some articles relative to aquariums—and would willingly publish others, if well written. The number of readers, however, who take an interest in the subject is probably very limited.

☞ A bogus Zoyara has turned up in Cleveland. "Mlle. Jennie Leon," the beautiful and accomplished danseuse at the theatre there, is a young man. A more splendid deception can hardly be imagined. Leon has the fineness and symmetry of limb, the plumpness of arm, the fullness of shoulder and bosom, so characteristic of the well-formed girl. His hair is long, black and silky, and the lad knows how to dress it in a captivating manner. Leon, of course, has many lovers. One in Washington, who, of course, has never seen him off the stage, sends Leon diamonds, bracelets, silks, &c., and "wants to see *her* personally."

Our country readers may not understand that this Zoyara business is the dressing-up of effeminate looking young men like women, and passing them off as such. The rumor of such a thing being done naturally gets abroad,—the fact is denied—an excitement is created—and numbers are drawn to the circus by the desire to see the individual in question. It strikes us as a very pernicious piece of business; and worthy of being frowned upon by the better portion of the amusement-loving public.

☞ We refer our readers to the advertisement of Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Bros. They call the attention of the public to a number of very entertaining works.

THEY never fall who die
In a great cause: the block may soak their gore,
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
Be strung to city gates or castle walls;
But still their spirits walk abroad. Though years
Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overspread all others, and conduct
The world at last to freedom.

—*Byron's "Marino Faliero."*

☞ ANTIQUITY OF CHESS.—In one of the Vedas a royal personage is represented seeking from the sage advice as to chess-playing. "Explain to me," he says "Oh, thou supereminent in virtue, the nature of the game that is played on the eight-times-eight squared board!" The answer is a little summary of wisdom:—"Let each player preserve his own forces with excessive care, and remember that the king is the most important of all. Oh, prince, from inattention to the humbler forces, the king himself may fall into disaster."

☞ "I find, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes, and passing them off as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?" "To be sure I do, Tom. A true gentleman always takes a joke from a friend."

☞ They take very unprofitable pains, who endeavor to persuade men that they are obliged wholly to despise this world and all that is in it, even whilst they themselves live here. God hath not taken all that pains in forming, and framing, and furnishing, and adorning this world that they who were made by him to live in it should despise it; it will be well enough if they do not love it so immoderately, as to prefer it before him who made it.—*Clarendon.*

☞ "Jack is a good fellow, but I will not tell a lie for any man. I love my friend, but I love truth still more." "My dear fellow," said a bystander, "consider now! Why should you prefer a stranger to an old acquaintance?"

☞ All trust is dangerous, if it is not entire; we ought on most occasions to speak of all, or conceal all. We have already too much disclosed our secrets to a man, from whom we think any one single circumstance is to be concealed.—*Bruyere.*

☞ There is no more certain sign of a narrow mind, of stupidity and arrogance, than to avoid the society of those who think differently from us.

☞ THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.—The sparrow is a constant example of early rising, and a preacher of economy. As soon as it is light, you hear him hopping up and down in the rain spout, crying, "Cheap! cheap!"

☞ There is not time enough in life for a man to be very suspicious.

☞ To die of excess in youth is like being drowned in the torrent of the passions: in advanced age, it more resembles being smothered in the mud of their deposit.

☞ MAN'S ACCOUNT WITH WOMAN.—Look here; you must allow that woman ought, as much as in her lies, to make this world a paradise, seeing that she lost us the original garden. We talk as philosophers; and when all is said about what we owe to woman, you must allow that we have a swinging balance against her. There's that little matter of the apple still to be settled.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

☞ Keep thy sorrow to thyself, and bear with a good courage that which hath befallen thee.—*Esdras.*

☞ Can any one conceive a greater apparent similitude, or real difference, than between the dove bearing the leaves of peace to the animals, clean and unclean, of the ark, and the carrier-pigeon bearing on other leaves the tidings of *a* peace to the bulls and bears of the stock exchange? Such is the difference between a purely religious peace and a selfishly commercial one.

☞ There are few good men so thoroughly honest as not occasionally to invest very doubtful acts with the halo of their general goodness of character, general rectitude of intention, and correct interpretation of doctrine.

☞ To converse with the spirits—lay a five cent piece on the table at a grog shop, and they'll show themselves quicker than you can say beans.

☞ Mr. Sergeant Gardiner, being lame of one leg, pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the judge told him he was afraid he had but a *lame* cause of it.

"Oh, my lord," said the sergeant, "have but a little patience, and I'll prove everything as *plain* as the nose on your face!"

☞ Like one of those wondrous rocking stones raised by the Druids, which the finger of a child might vibrate to its centre, yet the might of an army could not move from its place, our Constitution is so nicely poised and balanced, that it seems to sway with every breath of opinion, yet so firmly rooted in the heart and affections of the people, that the wildest storms of treason and fanaticism break over it in vain.—*R. C. Winthrop.*

☞ It is next to impossible for any one to speak his own praise without injury to himself.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

NOT KILLED YET—USE AND ABUSE—VAGARIES OF THE TOILETTE—A GODDESS IN TROUBLE—A SPLENDID PAGEANT—BROUGHAM AT NICE—THE CARDINAL AND THE BAKER—A MERRY EVENING—A PRINCELY ARTIST—GETTING A WIFE—TIT FOR TAT.

PARIS, March 1, 1860.

Mr. Editor of the Post:—

I amused to see, by the number of the POST which has just reached me, that its respected editors are *naif* enough to hope, on the strength of certain delusive assurances lately put forth on that subject by their London brethren, that the "Tyrant Crinoline" is anywhere near its downfall! So far from such being the case, I can most positively assure all who take an interest in the matter, that the Moloch to which, almost every week, the unfortunate victims of "hoops" and "cages" are being sacrificed by fire, is to the full as rampant as ever. The cages in question, however, *are* worn somewhat smaller, though the circumference of the dress above them is larger than ever; for, though the hooped petticoat is now, in the *beau monde*, worn of diminished proportions, several muslin skirts, very full, are worn over it, so that the resulting mass is quite as extensive as formerly, nay, even more so, as the dresses themselves are worn fuller than ever. If but a *very* small, *very* elastic set of hoops was used, as a mere support to the troublesome lengths of cotton that twist about feminine understands so awkwardly with every puff of wind, and tumble so spontaneously into ungainly "wabbles" in the stillest weather, the most vehement opposers of hoops would probably have nothing to say against them, for, as long as women continue their present style of dress, such a light and yielding hoop—a mere inner support to say a couple of light muslin skirts, and a gown of reasonable amplitude—are really an immense relief, as compared with the weight of unassisted stuff or calico. It is the outrageous abuse of the new invention that renders it, as it truly is at present, an opprobrium to one sex, and a nuisance to both.

While on this momentous subject—and it really is an important one—I may just inform my lady-readers that bonnets are now beginning to be worn over the top of the head, and not half way down the neck; they do not yet shield the top of the head completely, as they ought to do, if the head be worth caring for, but the tide has turned, and we shall probably find ourselves, ere long, under the advancing penthouses of a century ago. The hair is now combed back from the forehead, and frizzed up in rolls, as in the days of the last wearers of the name of Louis; powder is also decidedly tapping at the dressing-room door, and, in some instances, has entered, and established itself at the toilet. This mode of dressing the hair—I speak merely of the turning up and frizzing, for the powder is always uncleanly and detestable—is becoming to those who have pretty foreheads, and rather broad chins. But let all others beware of it; as it so diminishes the breadth of the lower part of the face that, visages not too broad at the base, look, at a little distance, exactly the shape of a Bergundy pear;—a most regretable metamorphosis.

Lent having begun, dancing and feasting have given place to sermons and fish. But the late Shrovetide festival seems to have been not only very gay, but to have been unusually fertile in incidents more or less dramatic. Here, the bold young beauty who, in tawdry finery, personated *Venus* in the chariot dedicated, for the occasion, to the Olympian deities that so condescendingly accompanied the three fat oxen through the streets, was recognized by an anxious father as the missing daughter who quitted her parental home in the faubourg St. Marcel, some three months ago, and had hitherto succeeded in eluding the careful search which her father, with the aid of the police, had been making ever since, in the hope of finding and reclaiming her. The father, having assured himself that the painted goddess was really his missing child, appealed to the policemen, in attendance on the show, demanding their aid to secure the runaway. But the policemen, unwilling to interrupt the show, prevailed on the father,—as it was the last day of the promenade,—to postpone the capture until the pageant should have terminated its march at the door of the *abattoir*, where the butcher's knife was awaiting the necks of its victims. As the guardians of the public peace promised the excited father to keep strict watch on the girl, and assured him that she could not possibly escape their vigilance, the father consented. The promenade was suffered to proceed to its end, and at the door of the *abattoir* the astonished Venus, considerably under age, was, at her father's demand, marched off to a House of Correction, her doings, during the period of her absence, having been of the most flagrant character, and several petty thefts having already been traced to her agency. The girl, when taken into custody, seemed only to care for the disappointment of her hopes of figuring at some low ball that night in her gay dress. She wept, and begged of her father to let her go to this ball, promising to go to prison as soon as it was over. But her father was obdurate, and the wretched Venus was marched off at once, in her tinselled garb, to the species of prison in which her amendment is more to be desired than hoped for. At Pau, the Count de Barante got up a splendid masked cavalcade, in which the "wealth and fashion" of that favorite watering-place took part in various magnificent costumes; the Count himself, in a most brilliant costume, as King of Spades, heading the cavalcade in a richly ornamented car, accompanied by the kings, queens, and knaves of the whole game of cards. At Madrid, the King, Queen, and royal children, the latter in fancy costumes, walked through the principal streets, notwithstanding the snow and mud, amid the enthusiastic *vivas* of the people, still wild with delight at the taking of Tetuan. At Rome, the people kept away from the Corso, as a silent protestation against the Government of the Cardinals, walking ostentatiously to the entrance of that famous promenade (so long the main scene of the carnival doings,) and, when they reached the beginning of it, turning as ostentatiously off into some other street. From English friends, not "to fame unknown," now in Rome, I learn that the Cardinals, bent upon getting people into the Corso, actually resorted to the expedient of sending handsome carriages, at the expense of the State, to the houses of private individuals, tradesmen and others, with a written order to the inmates to get into these vehicles, and allow themselves to be paraded up and down the Corso. My friends cite the names of some of those who were thus summoned to take a drive for the good pleasure of their rulers, one of the families thus ordered out being that of their baker. On seeing the order, and the grand carriage sent by the Cardinals, the baker ran away to another part of the city, and hid himself for a few days among friends, and the son, feigning illness, got at once into bed. The police were, therefore, obliged to content themselves with compelling the baker's wife to get into the carriage by herself, which she, weeping with patriotic vexation and disgust, was obliged to do. At Nice, Lady Brougham gave a splendid ball, which, as that town is very dull this winter, in spite of the presence of Empresses, Grand-duchesses, and grand folks innumerable, seems to have been looked on, by rich and poor, as the happiest of windfalls. The ball-room was the large *salle* of the most aristocratic of the hotels, brilliantly lighted, and spacious enough to permit upwards of two hundred costumes to be distinctly seen and admired; among which the most striking of the richest, was that of the Marchesa di Montezemolo, wife of the Governor of Nice, as a Russian peasant, in holiday costume, carrying on her head-dress a brilliant display of jewels, in which sort of investment the Russian peasants will often accumulate the whole amount of their savings. Countess Przezdziecka (!) eclipsed all the other beauties by the splendor of her charms; the Countesses Jankowska and Tschebyshow, both Russian, and splendidly dressed, coming next in point of beauty! The supper seems to have been magnificent, and the dancing was kept up till past four o'clock in the morning.

Masquerades, have been, as usual at this season, extremely numerous among those who are not rich enough to give the masked balls which form the chief "attraction" of the season for those who are. The artists of Paris are very clever at getting up these entertainments, which are, for the most part, exceedingly merry. They sweep out their *atelier*, put paints and brushes into a corner, make the most of the furniture of the room—generally large and lofty—borrow extra chairs from the neighbors, light up the room as brilliantly as they can, and if they can contrive to provide a large table in some adjoining room to receive the contributions of cakes, sweetmeats, pastry, fruit, wines, *liqueurs*, &c., of which each guest brings a portion, the arrangements are considered "complete." One of the most successful of these "masked *piqueniques*," as they are here called, came off, towards the close of the Carnival, at the studio of a well-known lady-artist, highly esteemed for the grace and fidelity of her portraits.—There was an immense gathering, with Mexican Princes, Odalisques, Mythological and Historical personages, among others a Charlotte Corday, so perfectly "made up" that the lady in question has been since photographed by one of the leading masters of the art, as giving probably a better idea of the assassin of Marat than most of the pictorial representations hitherto put forth of her. But the personage who excited the greatest sensation was a well-known writer, who came in rather late in the evening, habited in the costume of the Venetian Polichinello, the embroidering on his clothes being formed entirely of maccaroons, candied fruits, and other sweetmeats, to which everybody helped themselves as the newcomer moved about the room; and such was the profusion with which these tempting ornaments were attached to his outer man, from head to foot, that there seemed to be "enough and to spare" for all the numerous company assembled. The supper, composed of the contributions brought by each guest, was abundant and excellent, and the evening was fruitful of merriment to a degree not always equalled by more stately gatherings.

It is only the less fortunate artists, however, who receive in this manner. The richer ones manage matters in far grander style. Thus Meissonnier, the renowned painter of tiny *chef d'œuvres*, no bigger than one's hand, that sell for enormous sums, has a splendid villa at Poissy, just out of Paris, where he leads a life not unlike that of the noble artists of the 16th and 17th centuries, and where he has just given one of the magnificent entertainments he delights to offer to his friends, the most distinguished personages being among his guests. This lordly dwelling is fitted up in all respects, as an appropriate residence for one who rivals Metzu and Gerard Dow. One of the saloons is in the style of Louis XIV., hung with silk, woven at Lyons, from a pattern of that time; the carved wainscoting of the dining-room are in the Renaissance style, and of extraordinary beauty; as for the studio, it is a marvel of taste and magnificence. Being a distinguished sportsman, Meissonnier's stables are also splendid. The great artist excels in all bodily exercises; manages a boat like an old sailor, fences like St. George, and rides like a veteran English jockey.

Artists, and artists' lives, offer an almost inexhaustible fund of novel fancies, and odd doings. Think of Ingres, now perhaps standing at the head of the brilliant line of modern French painters, rich, honored, and courted, who yet began life without a penny, or a friend, and toiled on, for many a long, weary year, with a heart steeped in bitterness, and waited on by Want, Neglect, Weariness and Ill-will. Long before he had reached the tardy recognition eventually accorded to his powers, the struggling artist wanted a wife, but as he did not know how, with his limited means and sphere, to find one to his mind, some friends of his, inhabitants of a provincial town, determined to help him. They accordingly instituted a methodical search after eligible young ladies, and at length found one who seemed, in every respect, a suitable match for the struggling man of genius. Minute descriptions of her person, character, family, and so forth, were sent to the painter, together with her likeness, and all being found satisfactory by the artist, the lady was forthwith forwarded to his Paris address, per diligence. The consignment reached its destination in safety, and the marriage was celebrated as soon as the bride-elect reached the painter's house. The union so oddly commenced, proved a happy one; Madame Ingres surrounded her husband with love and kindness, managed his affairs in the most prudent manner, and encouraged him under all his efforts and disappointments. The painter's first experience of married life having been so fortunate, it is not perhaps surprising that, on the death of the wife so judiciously provided by his friends, the renowned artist lost no time in providing himself with a second.

The splendid extravagances, and brilliant oddities of Vivier, the great horn-player, would fill a volume. Liszt, the pianist, has also furnished enough to set up a reader of anecdotes with a respectable stock in trade, the two latest bits of gossip about the latter being as follows:

At a dinner-party, a discussion arose between some of the guests, during the dessert, as to the proper way of eating an apple, a fruit which the great pianist detests, and whose appearance seems always to be regarded by him as a sort of personal insult, a fact of which the disputants were probably aware. However that may be, they agreed to refer the disputed point to Liszt, on which one of them, appealing to the composer, demanded of him, "In which way a well-bred man would eat an apple?"

"No well-bred man would eat an apple any way!" quietly answered the composer, scornfully turning his back upon his discomfited questioners.

A short time since, Liszt was spending the evening at the Princess D———'s, where there was a large party. When tea was handed round, Liszt took a cup, and then, ignoring the presence of the sugar-tongs, which are not usually seen on the Continent, took a lump of sugar from the basin with his fingers, and tranquilly put it into his tea. Princess D———, a haughty, insolent woman, immediately ordered the footman to "take away that sugar-basin, and bring another."

Liszt took not the slightest notice of this impertinence, but finished his cup, replenished it twice, and having at length emptied it for the third time, walked quietly across the room to a window, opened it, and threw the cup and saucer—of the most exquisite and costly description—out into the street.

"Good Heavens! M. Liszt, what CAN you be thinking of?" shrieked the Princess, beside herself with surprise and anger.

"But, madame," replied Liszt, turning with a face of the most perfect innocence to the indignant hostess, "*I had touched them both!*"

QUANTUM.

MY LABOR-SAVING HUSBAND.

Some husbands are more plague than profit, and make vastly more work than they do; but mine is one to brag about. When I was married, to my shame be it spoken, I had never made a loaf of bread or a pie. I had no idea of saving time or saving work, but had a husband who had love enough for me to bear with my simplicity, and not scold when the bread was burned and the pies not fit to eat. Going into the kitchen one morning, he saw me baking buckwheat cakes, and greasing the griddle with a piece of pork on the end of a fork. He said nothing, but went into the wood-house, and soon returned with a smoothly-whittled stick, about six inches long, through the split end of which he passed a folded strip of white cloth, and then wound it around the end and tied it with a bit of string. So I had a contrivance which could be dipped in melted grease, and put it smoothly over the griddle.

One day he saw me scouring knives with a piece of cloth. "Dear me!" said he, "you will surely cut your fingers." So he contrived a machine, by nailing a broad piece of cork to a spool for a handle, sinking the head of the nail into the cork so far that it should not touch the knife. This lifts the hand from the knife, and does not cramp the fingers.

I used to call him occasionally to thwack over the heavy mattress and straw bed for me. "What a nuisance!" he exclaimed, and so replaced them with a spring mattress. Of all the nice things for beds, this is the best. It is always in place, requires no shaking up, and it takes only three minutes to replace the bed clothes, and the bed is made. It always looks round and inviting, and gently yields to the weight of the sleeper.

He saw the dish-towels hanging hilter-skilter around the kitchen stove, and forthwith made the most convenient hanging-frame, over the wood-box, where it can take up no room and is near the stove. Here the towels hang smoothly and always in place.

I fretted because my refrigerator had no shelves, and I could not make room enough for all the meat, butter, and milk. So he made two racks, and fitted ventilated shelves from one to the other. The shelves are ventilated by being bored thick with auger holes, and can be removed for scrubbing.

He is troubled to see me sew, sew, and stitch, stitch, and makes sewing machines the constant topic of conversation. He reads to me every advertisement and every letter from women who praise them in the papers. If he could make one I should be in possession of one immediately, but as he cannot, I must wait till "the ship comes in." These are some of the ways by which he lightens the labor of the house. Would more husbands were like him. Perhaps, another time, I shall tell you how he contrives his own garden tools, and saves time and money by his ingenuity.—*Fireside Monthly.*

☞ Where you see an opinion or a schism putting forth numerous petty ramifications, it is far more likely to be exhausting than propagating itself.

☞ THE GREATEST REVOLVER ON RECORD.—The world.—*Punch.*

☞ We must trust the perfection of the creation so far as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy.—*Emerson.*

THE GUANO ISLANDS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

About ten miles from the famous Chincha Islands we began to smell the guano, and looking smellwards saw, like a little forest in the distance, the masts of the fleet of merchantmen lying at the Chinchas in wait for their cargoes. They lie directly South-East, and the ten miles of actual distance had to be trebled by reason of the trade wind from that quarter, before we were boarded by a couple of stout old Newburyport captains to pilot us to the roadstead. Right cheerful seemed again the familiar English, even though none of the choicest, and the best Barclay & Perkins and certain strong waters were brought forth, as much in token of welcome to the language as of courtesy to the speakers. Clean shaven and newly dressed as they were, the pungent smell of the guano was powerfully penetrating when they came near, and one involuntarily got to windward while he smelt.

There were about forty American ships, and perhaps five or six score vessels of other nations at anchor within a mile or two of the islands, some newly arrived, freshly painted and trim, with neat awnings over the deck, others dusty, grimy with the brown guano, with hordes of dusty, grimy men at work loading them from launches, with clouds of the pungent cargo filling the air, and others battening down hatches, repairing rigging, taking in stores and making preparation for sailing, but all redolent of the one article. Guano was everywhere. The captain, his *wife*, the mates and cabin boys, the governor of the islands and his interpreters, butchers, cooks, padres, and all talked of it, smelt of it, almost ate it.

In spite of the disagreeable sensations and a perpetual desire to sneeze at first, induced by the presence of so much of the commodity, we soon got used to it, and before the eighty lay days required by the charter of the vessel had expired, scarcely noticed it. Except in the morning, when the dampness of the air sets free the ammonia, which is the peculiar fertilizing element of the guano, a short stay at the islands is by no means disagreeable. "How use doth breed a habit in a man."

The Chinchas would seem to be the last place where a man would expect to find refined society, but here he would be agreeably disappointed. The comforts of sea life have been so greatly increased of late years, and so many conveniences are found in ships of modern construction, that it is no unusual thing for the families and wives of captains to make the ship their permanent abiding place, thus combining the advantages of modern travel, with the perpetual convenience of being at home. There were fourteen or fifteen ladies on board the different vessels lying off the islands, some wives of captains, and others passengers, a most agreeable and goodly company. The true place to see a sea captain to advantage is in port. When he is at sea, the rough weather and rough company rub all the polish off, but when he has no crew of lazy and withal obstinate sailors to deal with, and is thrown somewhat into ladies' society, he is a different man. Generally plain and outspoken, he has a heartiness and vigor quite refreshing in these degenerate times. Every afternoon the ladies had a social tea-drinking together, after the manner of New England, where neither tea nor scandal was spared, and in the evening came their better halves, like doctors, in their "gigs," to indulge in whist and madeira, perhaps the more freely that for the latter article they were only indebted to the ship stores. At night we had extemporaneous concerts, where Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle called forth the patriotism already kindled by the wine, and we had balls, where the elite of the Upper Ten were invited, and the flash cook promoted from the galley and enthroned on the capstan, fiddled away with all the zeal which present grog and future half-dollars could inspire. Then in the day time we had target excursions to the islands, and fishing parties, and parties to shoot seal, and yacht races, and an occasional chicken-fight, to while away the time until the loading began.

The islands are three in number, and are known as the Northern, Southern and Middle. From the Southern Island very little guano has been taken, as the approach is rocky, and there is no convenient anchorages, but the thousands of tons removed yearly since the discovery of the islands, has materially altered the primitive appearance of the other two. Before many years have passed, the Northern and Middle Islands will have been levelled to the water's edge, and the departure of the fleet will restore the quiet to their surf-beaten shores, and the birds will again build their nests and rear their young in its cliffs, till the lapse of years shall again have created material for commercial enterprise. Already has the search begun for new deposits, but it is hardly probable that any islands will be found to equal the Chinchas in the quality of the guano. Lying as they do within nine or ten miles of the coast of Peru, where it scarcely ever rains, but little of the ammonia is set free, and the guano, if kept dry on the passage home, brings with it in their purity, all the chemical elements which render it so valuable a fertilizer. Other islands have been found, but none of equal size, or to compare with the Chinchas in the quality of the exports.

A railroad runs from end to end of the Northern and Middle Islands, whereof the cars are propelled by donkey power, under the guidance of a Chulo or Peruvian Indian. The workmen employed in loading the cars are Chulos, but the Chinese are the Chief laborers in the "shoots," which are inclosures about ten feet square on the edge of the cliffs, to the under sides of which are fastened long canvas bags like hose, through which the guano falls into the launches below. The launches, which are simply scows, made perfectly sea-tight, hold from five to twenty tons each, and make about three trips per day between the ships and the shoots; sometimes, however, the ships lie directly under the shoots, and are loaded by private contract in a few days. Inside of the shoots, into which the cars are emptied, stand the Chinamen, eight or ten in number, with handkerchiefs covering their noses and tied behind their heads, to protect them as far as possible from the effects of the guano. Theirs is a "dreadful trade." About eight per cent. of the guano brought by the cars is lost in dust as it is thrown into the inclosure, and from early dawn till sundown they literally breathe guano—it often renders them wild with pain, and they end their misery by a plunge into the shoot or over the cliffs into the sea.

As there is no vegetation or water, and consequently no animal life in the Chinchas, the main land furnishes food for the consumption of the workmen and officials who are obliged to make the islands their home. A little town on the coast, called Pisco, is almost entirely supported by the shipping, and every morning the butcher's boat leaves meat, fruit, and vegetables with as much regularity as at home. The beef is inferior to our own, and the flesh of kids or sheep is generally preferred. The meat of a young kid is so like that of a lamb, that when the latter is dressed a small piece of the fleece is customarily left on the flesh, that the purchaser may be sure of his article, and that he is not paying lamb price for kid meat.

Pisco itself is a dreary little town, with no earthly resource for amusement except a dilapidated old billiard-table in such a little room, that the butts of the cues are always making havoc among the proprietors bottles and drinking apparatus, and leading to altercations as to payment therefor. There is an old cathedral here, too, but the padre's salary is probably in arrears, for he is very irregular in his services, and the devotions are generally *exparte* by the people. They have a curious fashion here, as in many other South American cities, of firing guns at stated intervals during mass, and sending up rockets, apparently under the impression that there is some affinity between gunpowder and religion, which practice has a singularly absurd effect when mass is said in the day time, as the rockets are of course almost invisible.

The markets of Pisco are interesting to the stranger. The proximity of the meat department to the nursery is not particularly gratifying to the fastidious taste, but the epicure may revel in the choicest of oranges, the freshest of bananas, and the cloying sweetness of the charumoya, which fruit, about the size and shape of a large tomato, has within its green rind a perfect nectar, as nearly like strawberries and cream as it is possible to conceive. There, too, is the lordly shaddock and the granadine, which is like a large pear skin stuffed with grape pulps, all fresh from the tree and to be had for a mere song. Pisco is also remarkable for its manufactures of the native brandy, from which it takes its name, and which is the standing stimulant of the native Peruvian. To a cultivated taste it is like a sample of unusually bad camphene, but is highly prized by the Chulos, because it is cheap, and for the same property that the Indian ascribed to strong rum—"It makes drunk come quick."

The Northern island is the head-quarters of the Governor, who is a stout old Spaniard, with a testy face, short, grizzled hair, and no perceptible neck. Though thrown daily into the company of foreigners, of every language, and especially of Americans and English captains, where one would think he must perforce learn a little "foreign lingo," he steadfastly adheres to his native Spanish, and employs an interpreter, a tall, well-shaped *negro*, who speaks with perfect fluency, and remarkable accuracy, English, French, German, Dutch, Portuguese, and Italian, besides his native Spanish. He is also an accomplished swordsman, and is no mean performer on the pianoforte, and has, in addition to the other requisites of a modern gentleman, an extraordinary propensity for getting in debt.

The old Governor, Serrata, is a perfect little Turk, and as he has very short legs, and a very large head, he bears no small resemblance to the Jack-of-Clubs, which soubriquet he has accordingly received. His attachment to the Spanish tongue has not prevented his acquiring, in the course of his long and dirty experience on these dirty islands, a voluminous vocabulary of oaths of all nations, which flowers of speech he strews with liberality upon all, though the effect of his invective is somewhat impaired from the fact that he bestows his choicest gifts of abuse in tongues unknown to the recipients.

Both the Chinamen and the Chulos are confirmed gamblers, and after the daily labor is over, spend the greater part of the time in dissipating their hard-earned wages. There is a little chapel in the island, where a bloated little priest reads mass every Sunday, to a congregation of apathetic Chulos, and after duly absolving their sins, opens a monte bank, on an old wash-bench, behind the chapel, and doubtless for the good of the church (or its representatives) procures by the cards the support which he cannot extort by his preaching.

The scene at the islands, for awhile novel and attractive, after a time loses its interest. The last launch load of guano is taken aboard, the hatches are safely battened down, and the cabin carpets are taken up, and put away until a new port is reached. The ship, laden to within a few feet of the water, is cleaned and scraped, the slackened rigging is made taut, and after an entertainment by the captain, wherein turkey forms the principal viand, the cheers and parting salute announce that another "Yankee" is homeward bound.

ALLITERATIONS.

Wased weary with watching, wet Wednesday wanes away,
Dim darkness dispersing, down darts distinct day.
The travelling tinker to town trips along,
Still solemnly singing some singular song.

☞ "Please take a half of this poor apple!" said a pretty damsel to a witty swain the other evening. "No, I thank you; I would prefer a *better half!*" Amelia blushed, and referred him to "papa."

☞ A good conscience is to the soul what health is to the body; it preserves constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can befall us without.—*Guardian.*

☞ "Now do take this medicine, wife, and I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "Oh, I will take it, then, by all means, for it is sure to do good one way or the other."

☞ The dress of a frivolous coquette, however abundant, is *next to nothing.*

AN ICELANDER'S WELCOME.

Lord Dufferin, in his "Letters from High Latitudes," tells the following story of Mr. Fitzgerald, a surgeon, who accompanied him in his yacht voyage to Iceland:—

As for Fitz he became quite the *enfant gate* of a neighboring family. Having unluckily caught cold, instead of sleeping in the tent, he determined to seek shelter under a solid roof tree, and, conducted by our guide, Olaff, set out on his pony at bed time in search of a habitation. The next morning he reappeared so unusually radiant, that I could not help inquiring what good fortune had, in the meantime, befallen him; upon which he gave me such an account of his last night's reception at the farm that I was almost tempted to bundle tent and beds down the throat of our irritable friend Stokr, and throw myself for the future upon the hospitality of the inhabitants. It is true, I had read in Van Troil of something of the kind, but until now I never fully believed it.

The doctor shall tell his own story. "No sooner," said he, "had I presented myself at the door, and made known my errand, than I was immediately welcomed by the whole family, and triumphantly inducted into the guest quarters; everything the house could produce was set before me, and the whole society stood by to see that I enjoyed myself. As I had but just dined, an additional repast was no longer essential to my happiness; but all explanation was useless, and I did my best to give them satisfaction.

"Immediately on rising from the table, the young lady of the house (old Van Troil says it is either the mother or the daughter of the house, if she has grown up, who performs this office) proposed by signs to conduct me to my apartment. Taking in one hand a large plate of skier, and in the other a bottle of brandy, she led the way through a passage built of turf and stones to the place where I was to sleep. Having watched her deposit, not without misgivings, for I knew it was expected that both should be disposed of before morning, the skier by my bedside and the brandy bottle under the pillow, I was preparing to make her a polite bow, and to wish her a very good night, when she advanced toward me, and with a winning grace difficult to resist, insisted upon helping me off with my coat, and then proceeding to extremities with my shoes and stockings. As the most critical part of the proceedings, I naturally imagined her share of the performance would conclude, and that I should at last be restored to that privacy which, at such seasons, is generally considered appropriate. Not a bit of it. Before I knew where I was, I found myself sitting on a chair in my shirt, trowserless, while my fair tire-woman was engaged in neatly folding up the ravished garments on a neighboring chair.

"She then, in the most simple manner in the world, helped me in the bed, tucked me up, and having said a quantity of pretty things in Icelandic, gave me a hearty kiss and departed. If," he added, "you see anything remarkable in my appearance it is probably because—

"This very morn I've felt the sweet surprise
Of unexpected lips on sealed eyes,"

by which he poetically intimated the pleasing ceremony which had awakened him to the duties of the day. I think it needless to subjoin that the Doctor's cold did not get better so long as he remained in the neighborhood, and that had it not been for the daily increasing fire of his looks, I should have began to be alarmed at so protracted an indisposition.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF AMALGAMATION.—Mrs. Catharine Beach, widow of a respectable merchant of Bridgeport, possessed of about $7,000, about middle age, with two children respectably married, and two aged 8 and 10 respectively, and a woman of more than ordinary beauty and intelligence, fell in love with Mr. Francis, a colored barber of Bridgeport, smart, intelligent, and black as jet. She first set him up in business, in a fancy goods store, and in October they visited New York, and were privately married. They returned to Bridgeport, seeing each other but seldom, and keeping the marriage from the knowledge of her friends. Not long ago, the secret leaked out, and she acknowledged that she was his wife.

The Selectmen appointed a Mr. Hays conservator over her, and took her to the Retreat for the Insane in this city, by direction of her friends. Dr. Butler refused to receive her, as she was not legally committed. She was taken back, and her friends joined in procuring certificates from four physicians that she was insane, and yesterday she was brought here again. Friends of Francis, the negro, telegraphed to him in New York, where he has lately established himself, and this morning he met his wife and her conservator as they again took her to the Retreat. He had with him Julius L. Strong, Esq., as his counsel. He claimed his wife. Dr. Butler said the certificates were all right, but if she acknowledged Francis to be her lawful husband, he (Dr. B.) had no authority to detain her. She declared that he was truly and legally her husband, and that she would stick to him through thick and thin. Mr. and Mrs. Francis accordingly stepped into the hack in waiting, and rode to the United States Hotel, took dinner, and left on the steamboat City of Hartford, bound for New York, at 2 P. M.—*Hartford Press, 13th.*

ORIGIN OF SHERRY COBBLERS.—The Boston Post says: "Burton—the late William H.—invented sherry cobblers. It is related that when an actor in Philadelphia, he frequented a famous resort for theatrical personages and their friends, known as 'Dickey Harbourd's.' Juleps, but then recently imported from the South, were the popular tipple on the warm Summer days, but Burton and his English friends, of whom Dickey was an old one, eschewed them as too heating for a lengthened sitting. A decoction of sherry wine, hot water, sugar, and lemon peel, a favorite English drink, had been introduced by Dickey, and served well for Winter evening sociality, but on the approach of warmer weather a cooler substitute was needed. In this dilemma, Burton suggested the use of ice instead of hot water, and Dickey was called upon to try his hand at the new decoction. The result was a vinous *coup d'etat*, and the coterie of bibulous wits were required to name the new nectar. Burton at once suggested that as Dickey had in his own country established his fame and fortune as a cobbler, the name should be applied to his last "job;" and forthwith the christening was consummated in "Sherry Cobblers" all around for the party. The article at once met with public appreciation, and cobblers universally supplanted juleps for the heated term."

THE new feeder for the Delaware Canal at Easton is completed.

SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY SARA J. RUMSEY.

"I am dying, Egypt; dying."
—*Antony and Cleopatra.*

Come to me, darling, come once more,
Come, with thy glances, so soft and tender,
Which made my heart in the long ago,
'Spite of the proudest pride, surrender.
Even thy footstep has charms for me
Sweeter than music's sweetest sighing;
Bless my ear with its sound once more—
Come—for I am dying

Come—and whisper to me again
Those sweet words that so wildly thrilled me,
That, if 'tis in thy power to kill,
Thy dear presence had surely killed me;
My heart hungers again to feel
This weak hand in thy warm clasp lying,
Faints for the love that was life to me—
Haste—for I am dying.

Come to me, love, oh! come once more,
Know you not that my heart is breaking?
And this shadow upon my brow,
Is the slumber that knows no waking.
Still from the depths of my spirit—Love,
Mightier even than Death, is crying—
Yearning with outstretched arms—"Oh, come—
'Tis for thee I'm dying."

Painted Post, N. Y., Feb., 1860.

WILD MR. WILL.

A STORY THAT WAS HUSHED UP.

In the year eighteen hundred and nineteen, I was housekeeper to my Lord Millamant. The story I am telling you has to do with the winter of that same year. A bitter winter it was. Frosts three weeks long, and a deluge of mud whenever there was a thaw. Coals, bread, and meat frightfully dear. The poor crying out fit to make your heart break, and the taxes as heavy as hard dumplings. *Our* taxes were paid for us, thank goodness, even to that on the hair powder with which the footmen plastered their heads. We were all well fed and well cared for, for my Lord Millamant was far too proud and rich a nobleman to put us on board wages when he went out of town, and always said that he liked to see his servants plump and rosy. It didn't matter to him how much the butcher's and baker's bills came to. He had immense estates in Darkshire, and two or three comfortable things they used to call sinecures in those days; besides, wasn't there his wife, the late Miss Jaghire's rich Indian fortune?

My Lord Millamant had been away from London during the hunting season. He had a pack of hounds at Cartfoil Hall, (the family name was Cartfoil) Darkshire, and had been entertaining all the gentry of the country side with many of the nobility from London, in the true style of old English hospitality. All the grand furniture in the mansion on Hay Hill had been covered up *since September, when* his lordship and her ladyship went out of town. The carpets in the grand saloons were rolled up; the chandeliers wrapped in yellow gauze; the pictures the same—dreadful grim old pictures there were, of noblemen in curly wigs, and ladies in hoop petticoats and shockingly low dresses—and the rich silver and parcel gilt plate of which my Lord Millamant, being so great a nobleman, had a vast quantity, was safe and sound, in four chests clamped with iron at Messrs. Doublon and Moydor's, the bankers in Fleet street; it was a good plan to send one's silver to the bankers, for there were plenty of housebreakers about in those days, and no police, except the wheezy old constables, and the Bow-street red waistcoats.

It was on the 21st of December, 1819, that your humble servant received a post letter, franked by Mr. Tubwell, one of the county members for Darkshire, for my Lord Millamant was always too generous with his franks, and never had any to spare for himself. The letter was from his lordship, and, in his usual kind style, though to my very great surprise, told me that he and the countess were coming up to spend Christmas in London. All the time I had been in their service, then four years come that Christmas day, they had kept it at Cartfoil Hall. However, there was no mistaking my Lord's directions. He always gave them himself, for her Ladyship, saving her memory, was one of the laziest creatures living, and never did anything much beyond lying on a sofa, and talking to her grey and her green parrot. I was to have the carpets laid down, the furniture thoroughly dusted, all the beds well-aired; for my Lord was to bring company with him from Darkshire; and I was to get the plate from the bankers, and have it all well cleaned for a grand banquet my Lord intended to give on Christmas day. Enclosed in the letter was a slip of paper containing an order to the bankers to deliver the plate to me, or to Mr. Beeswing, the butler; and which, as far as I can recollect, ran thus:—

CARTFOIL HALL, December 19th, 1819.

Messrs. Doublon and Moydor,

Please deliver the four boxes marked A, B, C, D, containing the plate left in your care, to Mrs. ———, or Samuel Beeswing, my servants, bearers of this. (Signed) MILLAMANT.

There was his Lordship's signature, certainly; but somehow the name seemed written in a larger and more tremulous hand than usual. The i's weren't dotted, nor the t's crossed in his Lordship's general style, but still the remainder of the letter was like enough to him, and the cover bore the Cartfoil postmark. I showed it to Mr. Beeswing, who laughed at my doubts, could swear the handwriting was my Lord's throughout, and said it was very likely that there had been merry doings at Cartfoil Hall during the week, that my Lord had taken t'other bottle overnight, and that his hand was rather shaky the next morning.

"And you may be sure," added Beeswing, "that his lordship punished the small beer, if he did have t'other bottle." The quality drank small beer then, the morning after. Soda-water was invented, but was thought bad for the stomach, and wasn't at all the fashion.

However, notwithstanding Beeswing's confidence in the letter, I wasn't quite satisfied. "I daresay it's very nervous and silly of me, Beeswing," I said, "but it behoves us all to be careful. I shall take this letter to Wild Mr. Will. *He* knows my Lord's hand well enough, and I shall see what he says to it."

Now, Wild Mr. Will, as we servants, many of whom had known him since he was a baby in long-clothes, called him, was to the world in general no other than the Honorable William Cartfoil, my Lord's younger brother. He was a dreadfully wild young man, Mr. Will. He was fond of wine, and women, and dice, and all sorts of wickednesses. He had been a captain in the Horse Guards, but had sold out. He had fought scores of duels, and killed two or three people; rest their souls, and be merciful to his; but he was one of the merriest, best-tempered fellows you ever knew or saw. My Lord was very fond of him, and had paid his debts and set him up again, time out of number; but you could do nothing with Wild Mr. Will. He was always getting into scrapes; and when his lordship had got him out again, getting into new ones. People said he lived mostly now by playing at cards and dice, and that his carryings-on with the actresses at the play-house—the wicked, painted hussies!—were dreadful. I know he had borrowed money of Beeswing more than once, and had, at least, two-thirds of his sister-in-law's pin money, every quarter; but still no one could help liking him, and he was almost adored by the servants.

I took the letter to Wild Mr. Will at his lodgings in Great Ryder street, St. James's. He was drinking hock with a captain of dragoons and a low wretch of a fellow that got his living by prize-fighting, but he came out on the landing to speak to me. I showed him the letter, and hinted at my doubts.

"Stuff and nonsense," he cried, when he had read the letter twice through and held it to the light. "It's Jack Cartfoil's fist for five hundred guineas." (My Lord's name was John.) "New-market to the knocker of Newgate that it's my brother's hand. Nobody makes blots like these except the Earl of Millamant. Besides, don't you see that he spells 'swept' 'swep,' without the 't.' Jack never could spell. Trot you away to the banker's, my worthy soul, and get the plate, and polish it all up nice and bright, for you know how particular my Lord Millamant is, and what a pother there will be if the coronet doesn't come well out on the spoons and forks. There, get along with you, and there's a guinea to drink my health. Stop—mind, for safety, you lock the plate up in my lady's boudoir."

Of course, after the Honorable William Cartfoil had given his opinion, hesitation was no longer to be thought of. Beeswing and I took a hackney coach to Fleet street, and the head cashier, when he ordered one of the porters to carry the four plate chests to the carriage, said, "My Lord's handwriting was as plain as a pikestaff, and he should like to cash a cheque for ten thousand with such a 'Millamant' signed to it." *He* gave me—such a nice gentleman as he was, too—a guinea to drink the health of the firm. *Ah, how liberal people* were forty years ago!

We looked over the plate that evening, counted everything; found all in accordance with the *lists*, and, with the assistance of the three housemaids, I had everything cleaned and polished up by supper-time. But still I felt uneasy, I could not suppress a dreadful feeling of terror at something; I know not what. The plate was all locked up again, and deposited, according to Mr. Will's instructions, in my lady's boudoir, which was at the end of a grand suite of apartments on the first floor. There was no door to this room, only heavy hangings to the doorway; but every window in the house was bolted and barred up.

Still I felt uneasy, and, towards ten o'clock, I slipped up, and going to our butcher, Mr. Chubbychop, in Mount street, Grosvenor square, I borrowed his well-known and fierce bull-dog, Towler, from him, to keep guard in the house all night. One of the butcher's boys brought the dog, muzzled, to our house, for he was dreadfully savage, and just before he went to bed, Beeswing unmuzzled him and let him loose in the hall.

I had dreadful dreams that night. I dreamed of a procession of men carrying coffins, one after the other, in a long procession that never ended. The morning came at last; the youngest housemaid awoke me, and I came down to breakfast in the still-room, when in came Mr. Beeswing, trembling all over, and with a face as white as chalk.

"For the Lord Almighty's sake come this way," he cried.

He led, or dragged me to the boudoir on the first-floor, and there I saw a sight I shall never to my dying day forget. The rich carpet was dabbled in blood, and on it there lay his length along the body of a man, stark, stiff, and dead. *His throat had been literally torn out* by the dog, which crouched by his side, uttering a low growl now and then, and licking his lips.

In one of the dead man's hands was a bunch of skeleton keys. One of the plate-chests had been opened, and a portion of the contents were on the floor. The men-servants bent over the body to raise it, when there was a cry of horror and astonishment.

God forgive him, and us! We *recognized the body of the Honorable William Cartfoil!*

* * * * * * *

It was discovered afterwards that the letter from the country was a forgery, executed, probably, by the unfortunate and guilty man, who had died in this miserable manner. It was found that he had made his entry by a back door leading into the mews, of which he must have had a key, and creeping up a back staircase, had entered the boudoir by a side door he knew well, had been heard by the dog, and so perished.

The story was hushed up, and it was reported and believed that young Mr. Will had gone abroad, and died there.

The Millamant title is extinct.

☞ In most families, interests are far safer subjects of conversation than opinions.

☞ A gothic church is a petrified religion. —*Coleridge.*

NOTES ON NURSING:

AND

The Best Means of Preserving Health.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

IV.—UNNECESSARY NOISE

Unnecessary noise, or noise that creates an expectation in the mind, is that which hurts a patient. It is rarely the loudness of the noise, the effect upon the organ of the ear itself, which appears to affect the sick. How well a patient will generally bear, *e. g.*, the putting up of a scaffolding close to the house, when he cannot bear the talking, still less the whispering, especially if it be of a familiar voice, outside his door.

There are certain patients, no doubt, especially where there is slight concussion or other disturbance of the brain, who are affected by mere noise. But intermittent noise, or sudden and sharp noise, in these as in all other cases, affects far more than continuous noise—noise with jar far more than noise without. Of one thing you may be certain, that anything which wakes a patient suddenly out of his sleep will invariably put him into a state of greater excitement, do him more serious, aye, and lasting mischief, than any continuous noise, however loud.

NEVER LET A PATIENT BE WAKED OUT OF HIS FIRST SLEEP.—Never to allow a patient to be waked, intentionally or accidentally, is a *sine qua non* of all good nursing. If he is roused out of his first sleep, he is almost certain to have no more sleep. It is a curious but quite intelligible fact that, if a patient is waked after a few hours' instead of a few minutes' sleep, he is much more likely to sleep again. Because pain, like irritability of brain, perpetuates and intensifies itself. If you have gained a respite of either in sleep you have gained more than the mere respite. Both the probability of recurrence and of the same intensity will be diminished; whereas both will be terribly increased by want of sleep. This is the reason why sleep is so all-important. This is the reason why a patient waked in the early part of his sleep loses not only his sleep, but his power to sleep. A healthy person who allows himself to sleep during the day will lose his sleep at night. But it is exactly the reverse with the sick generally; the more they sleep, the better will they be able to sleep.

NOISE WHICH EXCITES EXPECTATION.—I have often been surprised at the thoughtlessness, (resulting in cruelty, quite unintentionally) of friends or of doctors who will hold a long conversation just in the room or passage adjoining to the room of the patient, who is either every moment expecting them to come in, or who has just seen them, and knows they are talking about him. If he is an amiable patient, he will try to occupy his attention elsewhere and not to listen—and this makes matters worse—for the strain upon his attention and the effort he makes are so great that it is well if he is not worse for hours after. If it is a whispered conversation in the same room, then it is *absolutely cruel*: for it is impossible that the patient's attention should not be involuntarily strained to hear. Walking on tip-toe, doing anything in the room very slowly, are injurious, for exactly the same reasons. A firm light quick step, a steady quick hand are the desiderata: not the slow, lingering, shuffling foot, the timid, uncertain touch. Slowness is not gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such; quickness, lightness, and gentleness are quite compatible. Again, if friends and doctors did but watch, as nurses can and should watch, the features sharpening, the eyes growing almost wild, of fever patients who are listening for the entrance from the corridor of the persons whose voices they are hearing there, these would never run the risk again of creating such expectation, or irritation of mind. Such unnecessary noise has undoubtedly induced or aggravated delirium in many cases. I have known such—in one case death ensued. It is but fair to say that this death was attributed to fright. It was the result of a long whispered conversation, within sight of the patient, about an impending operation; but any one who has known the more than stoicism, the cheerful coolness, with which the certainty of an operation will be accepted by any patient, capable of bearing an operation at all, if it is properly communicated to him, will hesitate to believe that it was more fear which produced, as was averred, the fatal result in this instance. It was rather the uncertainty, the strained expectation as to what was to be decided upon.

I need hardly say that the other common cause, namely, for a doctor or friend to leave the patient and communicate his opinion on the result of his visit to the friends just outside the patient's door, or in the adjoining room, after the visit, but within hearing or knowledge of the patient is, if possible, worst of all.

NOISE OF FEMALE DRESS.

It is, I think, alarming, peculiarly at this time, when the female ink-bottles are perpetually impressing upon us "woman's" "particular worth and general missionariness," to see that the dress of women is daily more and more unfitting them for any "mission" or usefulness at all. It is equally unfitted for all poetic and all domestic purposes. A man is now a more handy and far less objectionable being in a sick room than a woman. Compelled by her dress, every woman now either shuffles or waddles—only a man can cross the floor of a sick-room without shaking it! What is become of woman's light step!—the firm, light, quick step we have been asking for?

Unnecessary noise, then, is the most cruel absence of care which can be inflicted either on sick or well. For, in all these remarks, the sick are only mentioned as suffering in a greater proportion than the well from precisely the same causes.

Unnecessary (although slight) noise injures a sick person much more than necessary noise (of a much greater amount.)

All doctrines about mysterious affinities and aversions will be found to resolve themselves very much, if not entirely, into presence or absence of care in these things.

A nurse who rustles (I am speaking of nurses professional and unprofessional) is the horror of a patient, though perhaps he does not know why.

The fidget of silk and of crinoline, the rattling of keys, the creaking of stays and of shoes, will do a patient more harm than all the medicines in the world will do him good.

The noiseless step of woman, the noiseless drapery of woman, are mere figures of speech in this day. Her skirts (and well if they do not throw down some piece of furniture) will at least brush against every article in the room as she moves.*

Again, one nurse cannot open the door without making everything rattle. Or she opens the door unnecessarily often, for want of remembering all the articles that might be brought in at once.

A good nurse will always make sure that no door or window in her patient's room shall rattle or creak; that no blind or curtain shall, by any change of wind through the open window be made to flap—especially will she be careful of all this before she leaves her patients for the night. If you wait till your patients tell you, or remind you of these things, where is the use of their having a nurse? There are more shy than exacting patients in all classes; and many a patient passes a bad night, time after time, rather than remind his nurse every night of all the things she has forgotten.

If there are blinds to your windows, always take care to have them well up, when they are not being used. A little piece slipping down, and flapping with every draught, will distract a patient.

HURRY PECULIARLY HURTFUL TO SICK.—All hurry or bustle is peculiarly painful to the sick. And when a patient has compulsory occupations to engage him, instead of having simply to amuse himself, it becomes doubly injurious. The friend who remains standing and fidgetting about while a patient is talking business to him, or the friend who sits and proses, the one from an idea of not letting the patient talk, the other from an idea of amusing him,—each is equally inconsiderate. Always sit down when a sick person is talking business to you, show no signs of hurry, give complete attention and full consideration if your advice is wanted, and go away the moment the subject is ended.

HOW TO VISIT THE SICK AND NOT HURT THEM.—Always sit within the patient's view, so that when you speak to him he has not painfully to turn his head round in order to look at you. Everybody involuntarily looks at the person speaking. If you make this act a wearisome one on the part of the patient you are doing him harm. So also if by continuing to stand you make him continuously raise his eyes to see you. Be as motionless as possible, and never gesticulate in speaking to the sick.

Never make a patient repeat a message or request, especially if it be some time after. Occupied patients are often accused of doing too much of their own business. They are instinctively right. How often you hear the person, charged with the request of giving the message or writing the letter, say half an hour afterwards to the patient, "Did you appoint twelve o'clock?" or, "What did you say was the address?" or ask, perhaps, some such more agitating question—thus causing the patient the effort of memory, or worse still, of decision, all over again. It is really less exertion to him to write his letters himself. This is the almost universal experience of occupied invalids.

This brings us to another caution. Never speak to an invalid from behind, nor from the door, nor from any distance from him, nor when he is doing anything.

The official politeness of servants in these things is so grateful to invalids, that many prefer, without knowing why, having none but servants about them.

THESE THINGS NOT FANCY.—These things are not fancy. If we consider that, with sick as with well, every thought decomposes some nervous matter,—that decomposition as well as re-composition of nervous matter is always going on, and more quickly with the sick than with the well,—that, to obtrude abruptly another thought upon the brain while it is in the act of destroying nervous matter by thinking, is calling upon it to make a new exertion,—if we consider these things, which are facts, not fancies, we shall remember that we are doing positive injury by interrupting, by "startling a fanciful" person, as it is called. Alas! it is no fancy.

If the invalid is forced, by his avocations, to continue occupations requiring much thinking, the injury is doubly great. In feeding a patient suffering under delirium or stupor you may suffocate him, by giving him his food suddenly, but if you rub his lips gently with a spoon and thus attract his attention, he will swallow the food unconsciously, but with perfect safety. Thus it is with the brain. If you offer it a thought, especially one requiring a decision, abruptly, you do it a real not fanciful injury. Never speak to a sick person suddenly; but, at the same time, do not keep his expectation on the tiptoe.

This rule, indeed, applies to the well quite as much as to the sick. I have never known persons who exposed themselves for years to constant interruption who did not muddle away their intellects by it at last. The process with them may be accomplished without pain. With the sick, pain gives warning of the injury.

KEEPING A PATIENT STANDING.—Do not meet or overtake a patient who is moving about in order to speak to him, or to give him any message or letter. You might just as well give him a box on the ear. I have seen a patient fall flat on the ground who was standing when his nurse came into the room. This was an accident which might have happened to the most careful nurse. But the other is done with intention. A patient in such a state is not going to the East Indies. If you would wait ten seconds, or walk ten yards further, any promenade he could make would be over. You do not know the effort it is to a patient to remain standing for even a quarter of a minute to listen to you. If I had not seen the thing done by the kindest nurses and friends, I should have thought this caution quite superfluous.*

PATIENTS' DREAD SURPRISE.—Patients are often accused of being able to "do much more when nobody is by." It is quite true that they can. Unless nurses can be brought to attend to considerations of the kind of which we have given here but a few specimens, a very weak patient finds it really much less exertion to do things for himself than to ask for them. And he will, in order to do them, (very innocently and from instinct) calculate the time his nurse is likely to be absent, from a fear of her "coming in upon" him or speaking to him, just at the moment when he finds it quite as much as he can do to crawl from his bed to his chair, or from one room to another, or down stairs, or out of doors for a few minutes. Some extra call made upon his attention at that moment will quite upset him. In these cases you may be sure that a patient in the state we have described does not make such exertions more than once or twice a day, and probably much about the same hour every day. And it is hard, indeed, if nurse and friends cannot calculate so as to let him make them undisturbed. Remember, that many patients can walk who cannot stand or even sit up. Standing is, of all positions, the most trying to a weak patient.

Everything you do in a patient's room, after he is "put up" for the night, increases tenfold the risk of his having a bad night. But, if you rouse him up after he has fallen asleep, you do not risk, you secure him a bad night.

One hint I would give to all who attend or visit the sick, to all who have to pronounce an opinion upon sickness or its progress. Come back and look at your patient *after* he has had an hour's animated conversation with you. It is the best test of his real state we know. But never pronounce upon him from merely seeing what he does, or how he looks, during such a conversation. Learn also carefully and exactly, if you can, how he passed the night after it.

EFFECTS OF OVER-EXERTION ON SICK.—People rarely, if ever, faint while making an exertion. It is after it is over. Indeed, almost every effect of over-exertion appears after, not during such exertion. It is the highest folly to judge of the sick, as is so often done, when you see them merely during a period of excitement. People have very often died of that which, it has been proclaimed at the time, has "done them no harm."†

Remember never to lean against, sit upon, or unnecessarily shake, or even touch the bed in which a patient lies. This is invariably a painful annoyance. If you shake the chair on which he sits, he has a point by which to steady himself, in his feet. But on a bed or sofa, he is entirely at your mercy, and he feels every jar you give him all through him.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN REAL AND FANCY PATIENTS.—In all that we have said, both here and elsewhere, let it be distinctly understood that we are not speaking of hypochondriacs. To distinguish between real and fancied disease forms an important branch of the education of a nurse. To manage fancy patients forms an important branch of her duties. But the nursing which real and that which fancied patients require is of different, or rather of opposite, character. And the latter will not be spoken of here. Indeed, many of the symptoms which are here mentioned are those which distinguish real from fancied disease.

It is true that hypochondriacs very often do that behind a nurse's back which they would not do before her face. Many such I have had as patients who scarcely ate anything at their regular meals; but if you concealed food for them in a drawer, they would take it at night or in secret. But this is from quite a different motive. They do it from the wish to conceal. Whereas the real patient will often boast to his nurse or doctor, if these do not shake their heads at him, of how much he has done, or eaten, or walked. To return to real disease:

CONCISENESS NECESSARY WITH SICK.—Conciseness and decision are, above all things, necessary with the sick. Let your thought expressed to them be concisely and decidedly expressed. What doubt and hesitation there may be in your own mind must never be communicated to theirs, not even (I would rather say especially not) in little things. Let your doubt be to yourself, your decision to them. People who think outside their heads, the whole process of whose thought appears, like Homer's, in the act of secretion, who tell everything that led them towards this conclusion and away from that, ought never to be with the sick.

IRRESOLUTION MOST PAINFUL TO THEM.—Irresolution is what all patients most dread. Rather than meet this in others, they will collect all their data, and make up their minds for themselves. A change of mind in others, whether it is regarding an operation, or re-writing a letter, always injures the patient more than the being called upon to make up his mind to the most dreaded or difficult decision. Farther than this, in very many cases, the imagination in disease is far more active and vivid than it is in health. If you propose to the patient change of air to one place one hour, and to another the next, he has, in each case, immediately constituted himself in imagination the tenant of the place, gone over the whole premises in idea, and you have tired him as much by displacing his imagination, as if you had actually carried him over both places.

Above all, leave the sick room quickly and come into it quickly, not suddenly, not with a rush. But don't let the patient be wearily waiting for when you will be out of the room or when you will be in it. Conciseness and decision in your movements, as well as your words, are necessary in the sick room, as necessary as absence of hurry and bustle. To possess yourself entirely will ensure you from either failing—either loitering or hurrying.

WHAT A PATIENT MUST NOT HAVE TO SEE TO.—If a patient has to see, not only to his own, but also to his nurse's punctuality, or perseverance, or readiness, or calmness, to any or all of these things, he is far better without that nurse than with her—however valuable and handy her services may otherwise be to him, and however incapable he may be of rendering them to himself.

READING ALOUD.—With regard to reading aloud in the sick room, my experience is, that when the sick are too ill to read to themselves, they can seldom bear to be read to. Children, eye-patients, and uneducated persons are exceptions, or where there is any mechanical difficulty in reading. People who like to be read to, have generally not much the matter with them; while in fevers, or where there is much irritability of brain, the effort of listening to reading aloud has often brought on delirium. I speak with great diffidence; because there is an almost universal impression that it is *sparing* the sick to read aloud to them. But two things are certain:—

(1.) If there is some matter which *must* be read to a sick person, do it slowly. People often think that the way to get it over with least fatigue to him is to get it over in least time. They gabble; they plunge and gallop through the reading. There never was a greater mistake. Houdin, the conjuror, says that the way to make a story seem short is to tell it slowly. So it is with reading to the sick. I have often heard a patient say to such a mistaken reader, "Don't read to me: tell it me."‡ Unconsciously he is aware that this will regulate the plunging, the reading with unequal paces, slurring over one part, instead of leaving it out altogether, if it is unimportant, and mumbling another. If the reader lets his own attention wander, and then stops to read up to himself, or finds he has read the wrong bit, then it is all over with the poor patient's chance of not suffering. Very few people know how to read to the sick; very few read aloud as pleasantly even as they speak. In reading they sing, they hesitate, they stammer, they hurry, they mumble; when in speaking they do none of these things. Reading aloud to the sick ought always to be rather slow, and exceedingly distinct, but not mouthing—rather monotonous, but not sing song—rather loud but not noisy—and, above all, not too long. Be very sure of what your patient can bear.

(2.) The extraordinary habit of reading to oneself in a sick room, and reading aloud to the patient any bits which will amuse him or more often the reader, is unaccountably thoughtless. What *do* you think the patient is thinking of during your gaps of non-reading? Do you think that he amuses himself upon what you have read for precisely the time it pleases you to go on reading to yourself, and that his attention is ready for something else at precisely the time it pleases you to begin reading again? Whether the person thus read to, be sick or well, whether he be doing nothing or doing something else while being thus read to, the self-absorption and want of observation of the person who does it, is equally difficult to understand—although very often the reader is too amiable to say how much it hurts him.

PEOPLE OVERHEAD.—One thing more:—From the flimsy manner in which most modern houses are built, where every step on the stairs, and along the floors, is felt all over the house; the higher the story, the greater the vibration. It is inconceivable how much the sick suffer by having anybody overhead. In the solidly built old houses, which, fortunately, most hospitals are, the noise and shaking is comparatively trifling. But it is a serious cause of suffering, in lightly built houses, and with the irritability peculiar to some diseases. Better far put such patients at the top of the house, even with the additional fatigue of stairs, if you cannot secure the room above them being unoccupied; you may otherwise bring on a state of restlessness which no opium will subdue. Do not neglect the warning, when a patient tells you that he "feels every step above him to cross his heart." Remember that every noise a patient cannot *see* partakes of the character of suddenness to him; and I am persuaded that patients with these peculiarly irritable nerves, are positively less injured by having persons in the same room with them than overhead, or separated by only a thin compartment. Any sacrifice to secure silence for these cases is worth while, because no air, however good, no attendance, however

* It is absolutely essential that a nurse should lay this down as a positive rule to herself, never to speak to any patient who is standing or moving, as long as she exercises so little observation as not to know when a patient cannot bear it. I am satisfied that many of the accidents which happen from feeble patients tumbling down stairs, fainting after getting up, &c., happen solely from the nurse popping out of a door to speak to the patient just at that moment; or from his fearing that she will do so. And that if the patient were even left to himself, till he can sit down, such accidents would much seldomer occur. If the nurse accompanies the patient, let her not call upon him to speak. It is incredible that nurses cannot picture to themselves the strain upon the heart, the lungs, and the brain, which the act of moving is to any feeble patient.

† As an old experienced nurse, I do most earnestly deprecate all such careless words. I have known patients delirious all night, after seeing a visitor who called them "better," thought they "only wanted a little amusement," and who came again, saying, "I hope you were not the worse for my visit," neither waiting for an answer, nor even looking at the case. No real patient will ever say, "Yes, but I was a great deal the worse."

It is not, however, either death or delirium of which, in these cases, there is most danger to the patient. Unperceived consequences are far more likely to ensue. You will have impunity—the poor patient will *not*. That is, the patient will suffer, although neither he nor the inflictor of the injury will attribute it to its real cause. It will not be directly traceable, except by a very careful observant nurse. The patient will often not even mention what has done him most harm.

‡ Sick children, if not too shy to speak, will always express this wish. They invariably *prefer* a story to be *told* to them, rather than read to them.

careful), will do anything for such cases without quiet.

NOTE.—The effect of music upon the sick has been scarcely at all noticed. In fact, its expensiveness, as it is now, makes any general application of it quite out of the question. I will only remark here, that wind instruments, including the human voice, and stringed instruments, capable of continuous sound, have generally a beneficent effect—while the piano-forte, with such instruments as have no continuity of sound, has just the reverse. The finest piano-forte playing will damage the sick, while an air, like "Home, sweet home," or "Assisa a pie d'un salice," on the most ordinary grinding organ, will sensibly soothe them—and this quite independent of association.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SNOWBALLING.

BY JOSIE S. HUNT.

The soft, loose gold of her tresses
Is straying about her face,
And the wind through its silken meshes
Is running a frolicsome race.
Her violet-eyes—how they darken and flash!
Her rose-red cheeks—how they glow!
As she stands, ankle-deep, in the milk white drifts,
Pelting me with the snow.

She tosses the soft flakes around her,
In her pretty hoydenish play,
Till she looks like a sea-nymph rising
Through the billows of foam and spray.
She molds the balls with her little bare hands;
Do you think she would pout or scold
If I nestled the pink palms down in my breast.
To warm them?—they look so cold!

Her white wool mittens are flung on the snow,
Each one in itself a flake,
And her silken scarf beside them lies,
Coiled up like a crimson snake.
All about me the tracks of her soft brown feet
Have printed the downy snow,
And I know by them where, another spring,
The prettiest flowers will grow.

She laughs and scoffs when my snowballs fly
Harmless over her head.
And she flirts her curls in a saucy way,
And crouches in mimic dread.
She calls me a sorry marksman,
An awkward fellow—and still
The sly little witch knows well enough
It isn't from lack of skill.

She knows I would sooner think
Of tearing a butterfly's wing,
Or beating a lily, or throttling
The first sweet robin of spring,
Than of aiming at her in earnest,
Or hitting her if I could,
Or harming so much as a tassel
Of her little scarlet hood.

Gay, beautiful Madge! Oh, what would she do
If my mouth was half as bold
As the crystals which fall on her lips and her hair
Like pearls among rubies and gold?
Will her pride and her willfulness trample my love
As her light feet have trampled the snow?
That the missiles she flings, which are ice to my face,
Are fire to my heart, does she know?

Sweet tease! does she guess I am wondering now,
Whether she'll ever be,
In the long, long future before us both,
Anything more to me
Than a little hoyden, with wild, gold hair,
And rose-red cheeks in a glow,
Who stands, ankle-deep, in the milk-white drifts,
Pelting me with the snow?

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FEVER.

"I suppose you will let me go, Jane."

"I suppose I must, Lucy, or she will think it unkind. But what about your headache?"

"Oh, the air may take it off. It feels heavy."

"You are sure you have no sore throat?" cried Lady Jane, quickly.

Lucy Chesney smiled, she was rather doubtful whether she had or not.

"No, Jane, I think not: I ate my breakfast very well. I wonder how Laura has managed to hurt herself?"

"Twisted her ankle, does she not say? Look at the note again."

Lucy unfolded the piece of paper she held in her hand, which had just been brought in, as they were concluding breakfast. It was from Lady Laura Carlyon; stating that she had twisted her ankle, was consequently a prisoner, and she wished Lucy to go and help her pass a dull day. Jane consented.

Lucy Chesney set forth, attended by a servant. Jane's own decision, or repugnance, or pride, or whatever it may have been, not to visit the house of Mr. Carlyon, she had not seen fit to extend to Lucy, and the latter, since her sojourn at South Wennock, had occasionally passed an evening or a day at Lady Laura's.

It was the gloomy month of November, and much sickness was at South Wennock. Scarlet fever was raging in the place, especially amongst the poor, and several cases had terminated fatally. Somewhat curious to say, all the fatal cases had been Mr. Carlyon's. Messrs. Grey and Lycett not having, as yet, lost one. No want of skill or care was attributed to that gentleman, who was generally a successful practitioner; but, it had so happened, in this instance. The medical men were nearly run off their legs, and Mr. Grey regarded it as almost a providential circumstance that his nephew, Frederick, was staying with him, who took his full share of work in the emergency; otherwise, he scarcely saw how they should have got through it. The presence of Lucy Chesney at Lady Jane's had been the magnet which drew Frederick to South Wennock, as the reader may imagine: his sojourn would have been a short one, but for the breaking out of the fever; under those circumstances, Sir Stephen readily spared him to his uncle. His visits at Lady Jane's were frequent, where he was a welcome guest.

Lucy found Lady Laura on a sofa in her dressing-room.

"Are you quite an invalid?" she exclaimed.

"Not quite: I can manage to limp across the room. But the ankle is swollen and pretty painful. Did Jane object to your coming?"

"Not at all. How did you contrive to hurt it, Laura?"

"I was in mischief," returned Lady Laura, with a half laugh. "And you know, when people do get up to mischief on the sly, punishment is sure to follow. Don't our first lessons in the spelling-book tell us so?"

"But what were you doing, Laura?"

"I and Mr. Carlyon are not upon the best of terms; there is a grievance between us. You need not look so serious, Lucy, I do not mean to imply that we are quite cat-and-dog, but we are not precisely turtle-doves. He has secrets, which he keeps from me; I know he has; and get at them I will: all my suspicions have returned, about that cottage business in Bilster Lane, and I vow I will come to the bottom of it."

"What cottage business?" echoed Lucy.

"I have said all I mean to say, Lucy, for it is nothing particularly suitable to your ears; let it pass, so far. He has got a strong iron safe in the cellar, and in this safe he keeps papers and letters and things; I know, because I went down a few days ago, when he had the lid open, and he started like a coward when he saw me, and shut it to. Well, I thought I would see what there is in that safe, and I stole down to the cellar last night with my bunch of keys, to try whether any one would unlock it."

"Oh, Laura!" broke forth Lucy, shocked and pained beyond expression, "how could you think of such a thing?"

"Wait till you have a husband like Mr. Carlyon, who puts your temper up with his underhand ways, and then see what you would 'think' and do," retorted Lady Laura.

And Lucy ventured no further remonstrance, for she had once been a child under Laura's control, and was somewhat in awe of her still.

"I went in the dark, lest the servants should see me and wonder," proceeded Lady Laura, "taking some wax matches with me, to light when I got down. All went well: I tried the keys (none of which fitted, so I was baffled there,) and blew out my lights to come back again. We have to go down three steps in coming out of the cellar, and then there's the flight of steps to ascend—wretched donkeys they must be, the builders, to make you go down steps to come up again! Well, Lucy, I slipped on something at the top of these three steps, something sticky, it seemed, and down I went to the bottom. I could hardly get up at first, for pain in my foot, and a regular fright I was in, fearing I must call the servants: however, I did succeed, and crawled back. There's the history."

Not a very creditable one, Lucy thought.

"I have told it out of bravado," went on Laura, "for I am in anger against every one, the world in general, and Mr. Carlyon in particular; and you may tell it to Jane if you like. When he came home he wanted to know how I had done it. 'Slipped,' I told him, and he got no more out of me. I shall be glad if he carries out his intention of leaving South Wennock: I am sick of the place and of some of the people."

"We have heard a rumor that Mr. Carlyon thought of leaving," returned Lucy, "but Jane said you had not mentioned it to her. Frederick Grey told us."

"He says he shall, sometime in the course of next year: he declares that London is the only field for medical men. Talking about Frederick Grey, how very much Mr. Carlyon hates him. What's the reason, Lucy?"

"I know nothing about it."

"I heard him going on about Frederick Grey's coming down and interfering with the practice. There never was any love between them: young Grey used to say Mr. Carlyon drove his father from the town."

"As he did," said Lucy, quietly: "at least, I remember to have heard papa say so. But that is all past and done with. Frederick is not interfering with Mr. Carlyon's practice."

"No, and Mr. Carlyon says he'll see him in a very hot place before he shall. Lucy! do you know that your eyes look heavy, and your cheek flushed?"

"I got up with headache this morning. I thought the air, as I came here, might have done it good, but it has not, and my throat seems getting sore."

Lady Laura, forgetting her lameness, started from the sofa in consternation, and seizing her sister, drew her to the light of the window.

"Lucy! it cannot be! you are never going to have the fever!"

Night came on—seven—eight—nine struck, and Lady Jane wondered at the non-appearance of Lucy, who was to have been sent home much earlier. She grew uneasy, and dispatched Judith to know the reason: but Judith had scarcely left the house when she came back again, with a long face, having encountered the footman of Lady Laura, who was bringing a message.

"Oh, my lady, it's sad news!" she exclaimed. "Lady Lucy's down with the fever."

"Down with the fever!" repeated Lady Jane, believing there must be some mistake. "It is not likely, Judith: she was well when she left home this morning. Have you met any one?"

"Jonathan, my lady; he is down stairs in the hall. He says that soon after Lady Lucy reached their house, she found her head worse, and her throat sore, and when Mr. Carlyon returned, he pronounced it to be the fever."

"Send him for a fly immediately," uttered Lady Jane. "She must be brought home."

"My lady, he says she is gone to bed. Mr. Carlyon said she must not be moved, and Lady Laura ordered the best room made up for her."

Now nothing in the world could have been much less welcome than this news to Lady Jane Chesney. Apart from her anxiety for Lucy, she had an unconquerable aversion to Lucy's lying ill at Mr. Carlyon's, to her being attended by that gentleman, or to herself becoming an inmate, however temporarily, in his house, which she must do, were Lucy to remain. She took a moment's counsel with herself, for Lady Jane was one who rarely did things upon impulse, then attired herself for walking, and proceeded to Mr. Carlyon's, taking Judith with her and attended by the footman. Before she entered, she spoke in an under tone to Judith.

"Go as quickly as you can to Mr. Grey's, and bring him back with you. Here; to Mr. Carlyon's."

Lucy was in bed, in what Judith had called the "best room," a large, handsome chamber. She looked flushed and anxious, and complained much of her throat.

"Jane," she whispered, as her sister bent over her, "Mr. Carlyon says it is the fever, and I make no doubt it is; but I wish I could have been at home with you."

"Why did you not send for a fly and come back the moment you found yourself getting worse, Lucy? I thought you possessed common sense, child. Laura, you ought to have sent her."

"It was not her fault—or mine," replied Lady Laura. "Mr. Carlyon administered some remedies, and wished to see the effect; to-night he says she is too ill to go. But, if you will allow me to express my private opinion, Jane, I should say that it has all happened for the best, for where can she be so well-attended to, as in the house of a medical man? And you may be sure she shall have good nursing."

"Laura, I would rather have her with me; she is under my charge, you know. I wonder if she can be moved now?"

"You must be stupid to think it," uttered Lady Laura.

"I told Mr. Carlyon I felt well enough to be taken home," spoke up Lucy, "but he said I did not understand the risk. I think I might be taken, Jane."

Jane went down stairs; she heard that Mr. Carlyon was in the dining-room, taking some refreshment after a hard day's work. He rose in astonishment when she entered; Lady Jane Chesney in *his* house!

"Mr. Carlyon," she quietly said, "I have come to convey Lady Lucy home. I fancy it may be done without risk."

"Impossible, Lady Jane. It might cost her her life."

"I cannot but think, sir, before you had assumed to yourself the responsibility of keeping her, that you might have sent to inquire my pleasure upon the subject," returned Lady Jane with dignity. "The fever must be quite at its earliest stage, and there was no reason why she could not have come home. She was well enough to walk here this morning, and she was, I make no doubt, not sufficiently ill to debar her returning this evening."

"It has come on very rapidly indeed," replied Mr. Carlyon; "and I think she will have it badly."

"I still wish to take her, if possible, and I have despatched a messenger for Mr. Grey, that he may come here and give me his opinion upon the point. In doing this, I wish to cast no slight upon your judgment and skill, Mr. Carlyon, but Mr. Grey is my own attendant, and I have unusual confidence in him; moreover, he will not be prejudiced, for her removal, or against it. You and I, sir, perhaps are so; though on opposite sides."

"I do not understand you," spoke the surgeon.

"I am prejudiced in favor of taking her; you in favor of keeping her; Mr. Grey, on the contrary, will give his honest opinion, for he can have no motive to be biased either way."

"Yes, he can," somewhat roughly spoke Mr. Carlyon, "a profitable patient will fall into his hands, if he gets her away."

"She will be his patient in either case, Mr. Carlyon. I mean, I say, no reflection on your skill, but my own doctor must attend on Lady Lucy, wherever she may be."

Mr. Carlyon was angered out of his good manners so far as to utter an oath, as he demanded, was he not as efficient as John Grey?

Jane put him down with calm self-possession.

"Sir, it is true that I am the sister of your wife, but I beg you not to forget that I am Lady Jane Chesney, and that a certain amount of respect is due to me, even in your house."

Before much more could be said, Judith returned, not with Mr. Grey, but with Frederick.

"My uncle was out," he exclaimed to Lady Jane, his hurried manner betraying his agitation, "I came in his stead. Where is she? Is she very ill?"

Mr. Carlyon stepped forward into the hall where Frederick was standing.

"Mr. Frederick Grey, I cannot permit you to enter my house. Had your uncle come, I would have received him with courtesy, but what do you do here?"

Frederick drew himself up.

"I am here, sir, to see Lady Lucy Chesney—at the request of Lady Jane, and by my own will."

"You shall not see her: you shall not pass up my stairs."

"Not see her?" echoed Frederick, with a scornful laugh. "Not see her! You don't know what you are saying; she is my promised wife, sir."

Lady Jane spoke in a firm tone to Mr. Carlyon.

"In your house or out of it, sir, Mr. Grey shall see Lady Lucy; or, attending for him, Mr. Frederick. It was your own doing to retain Lady Lucy this evening, therefore you must take the consequences. I wish Mr. Grey could have come, because he has the experience of age, but I can also trust to Mr. Frederick, and he *shall* see her this night, and give his opinion whether or not she can be moved."

The servants, hearing the altercation, had stolen into the hall, forming quite a group round their master, and Lady Laura, who had been in Lucy's room, came limping down stairs with her lame foot. The door stood open, facing the street, and they were close to it. Frederick Grey pushed them courteously out of his way, and approached the staircase, Mr. Carlyon turned, with a muttered word, to prevent his ascending, but found himself impeded by the clustering domestics. At that moment the hall lamp, a gas-light, was suddenly extinguished, the women servants shrieked when they found themselves in darkness, and a strange voice hissed into Mr. Carlyon's ear:

"Would you keep her here, to poison her in her bed, as you did another?"

At the same time there was a slight bustle, a sound, as of footsteps, on the hall door-sill; somebody had either come in or gone out of the hall. A servant hastened for a match, and relighted the lamp, which had been turned off, he found; and Mr. Carlyon, all his energy, all his opposition gone out of him, leaned against the wall, wiping his ashy face. *He thought he remembered that dreaded voice.* As he thus leaned, he became conscious that there was a stranger present, a shabby-looking man, who stood just inside the door. Mr. Carlyon darted up, seized him and shook him, induced by what impulse he best knew.

"Who are you, you villain?"

"Well, I'm blest if this ain't a odd sort of reception, when a chap comes for his doctor! What offence have I been guilty on, sir, to be shook as one shakes a mulberry tree?"

This retort, delivered in a tone of reproachful astonishment, caused Mr. Carlyon to release his prisoner and look at him more attentively. It was inoffensive little Wilkes, the barber, from the shop up above.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon, Wilkes," cried the surgeon. "I thought it was—who came in, or went out?" he added, as he looked about him in all directions, in-doors and out.

The servants had seen no one; it was dark.

"I come along to fetch you, sir," spoke up the barber, who sometimes had the honor of operating on Mr. Carlyon's chin. "My second boy's took bad, and I misdoubt me but it may be the fever. I wasn't for fetching you till morning, sir, but wife made a fuss, and said there were nothing like taking disorders in time, so when I had shut up my shop, I come. I suppose you mistook me for a wild bear, a marching in without leave."

"Did you meet anybody, or see anybody go out?" asked Mr. Carlyon, leaving the suggestion of the wild bear unanswered.

"I didn't. I was a coming in at the gate to pass round to the surgery, when I see the light go out and heard some women scream; naterally I come straight in at the big door; somebody might ha' be being murdered."

At the foot of the stairs, standing side by side, contemplating all these proceedings with astonishment and not understanding them, were Lady Jane and Lady Laura. "What is it?" cried out the latter to her husband; what did you think it was?"

"I—I—thought I heard a stranger; I thought some one had come in; I feel sure some one did come in," he answered, peering about him still, in a timid kind of way.

"Will you step down, please sir, to our Jack?"

"Yes, yes Wilkes, I'll be with him before bed-time," replied Mr. Carlyon, and the forgiving little barber turned away meekly, and met Mr. John Grey coming in.

But Frederick Grey, unimpeded, had made his way up-stairs. An open door, and a light inside, guided him to the proper chamber. Lucy, ill as she was, uttered an exclamation when she saw him, and covered her face with her hot hands.

"Oh, Lucy, my darling! to think that it should have attacked you?"

"Frederick! what do you do here? Where is Lady Jane! It is not right."

He drew away her hand to regard her face, passed his own cool hand across her brow, and put his fingers on her pulse.

"I am here in my professional capacity, Lucy; don't you understand? Could I entrust my future wife to any other?" he asked, in a voice that literally trembled with tenderness. "I have been at the bedside of patients to-day, love, young and delicate as you."

"I do feel very ill," she murmured.

A horrible fear came over him as he gazed upon her, stopping the life-blood at his heart. What if he should lose her?—if this scourge should take her away from him and from life? A scalding tear dropped on to her face, and Lucy looking up, saw that his eyes were wet. He kissed her hot mouth, there as she lay, in the impulse of the moment's tenderness, suppressing a half-uttered wail of pain.

"Oh, don't, don't!" she excitedly exclaimed. "How can you thus court danger? You may catch the fever."

"Not I, child; we medical men are fever proof."

"Frederick, you are grieving, grieving for me. Am I then so very ill?"

"No, no, Lucy. But I cannot bear that you should suffer pain. Oh, my darling!—"

He drew a step back from the bed, for footsteps were approaching. Lady Jane entered, accompanied by Mr. John Grey; and the latter proceeded to look at and touch Lucy, as Frederick had done, asking her a few questions.

"Can she be moved to my house with safety?" inquired Lady Jane.

Mr. Grey looked serious.

"I see no reason why she could not have been moved this evening; well wrapped up and conveyed in a fly, she would have come to no harm; but now that she is warm in bed, I could not recommend her being taken out of it. It would be a great risk, Lady Jane."

"Then of course there is no alternative but to let her remain where she is," returned Lady Jane, in a tone of deep vexation. "But I cannot describe the annoyance it gives me, that Lucy should be ill, away from my house."

"It is unfortunate," said Mr. Grey, "but we must not incur the responsibility of moving her now."

"Very well," sighed Lady Jane, "it cannot be helped. Remember, she is in your charge, Mr. Grey."

"In mine? What will Mr. Carlyon say, Lady Jane."

"It is of no consequence to me what he says," composedly replied Lady Jane. "I wish to imply no slight on Mr. Carlyon's skill; I have told him so; and if he chooses to attend her, conjointly with you, I have no objection. But Lucy's life is precious, and I have confidence in you."

Neither to this did Mr. Carlyon make any objection. He agreed to it with a good grace, and if he rebelled inwardly, it was not suffered to show. Frederick, to his exceeding indignation, was to be excluded; Lady Jane did not see the expediency of his attending, neither did Mr. Grey; he remonstrated, but it was of no use.

"She is to be my wife," he urged.

"But she is not your wife yet," said Mr. Grey, "and you may trust her safely to me. Be assured that if dangerous symptoms appear, you shall be the first to be told."

"And now, Laura," said Lady Jane, "as you and Mr. Carlyon have saddled yourselves with Lucy, you must also be saddled with me and Judith. I shall not move out of your house until I can take Lucy with me."

Lady Laura clapped her hands in glee.

"Well done, Jane! You, who would not condescend to put your foot over our door-step, to come to, in this way!"

"I am forced to it, Laura."

"I am quite delighted; it serves you right, Jane, for your abominable pride."

"It has not been pride," she returned; "pride has not kept me away."

"What then! prejudice!"

"No matter now, Laura; we have an anxious time before us. Mr. Grey thinks that Lucy will be very ill."

"Just what Mr. Carlyon said, and he kept her here to take care of her. I am sure he will be glad to extend a welcome to you, Jane, for as long as you like to remain, but I don't know about Judith. He does not like her."

"Not like Judith," repeated Lady Jane; "what has she done to him?"

"Nothing, that I know of. I have heard him say, more than once, that he could not bear that woman, that there was something in her face he hated."

"I cannot be here without Judith. She is a faithful servant, and will be invaluable in Lucy's room; she need not put herself in the way of Mr. Carlyon."

"I rather like Judith—always did," remarked Lady Laura. "But we all have our dislikes, and Mr. Carlyon is strong in his, when he takes one; witness his aversion to Frederick Grey. And yet you might search the country through, and not find a more agreeable, gentlemanly man; I don't wonder at Lucy's falling in love with him."

CHAPTER XX.

THE PHYSICIAN'S VISIT.—SOME GOOD PHYSIC SPILLED.

A few days went on, and Lady Lucy Chesney lay in imminent danger. Frederick went in once with his uncle, but he had only the pain of seeing her unconscious, her head turning from side to side in the delirium of fever. Lady Jane sat by the bed, full of grief, but not in despair. She had sure confidence in God, full and perfect trust; she had learnt to commit "all her care" to Him; and to those *who can, and do, so commit it, despair never comes.* She believed that every earthly means which skill could devise, was being tried for Lucy's recovery, and she knew that if those means should fail, it was still God's will, and therefore it must be for the best, though, in their short-sighted human wisdom, they might repine, and see it not.

Frederick Grey went straight from the sick chamber to the telegraph office; and, soon after, a slip of paper, torn from his pocket-book, and written on in pencil, was delivered to Lady Jane.

"I have telegraphed for my father. He may not be able to do more than is being done, but it will be a satisfaction. He knows Lucy's constitution, and there is something in that. If I lose her, I shall lose all I care for in life."

Lady Jane approved of what he had done. Though she put little faith in further advice being of avail, it would, as he said, be a satisfaction.

Down thundered Sir Stephen Grey, as fast as the hissing and shrieking train could bring him. His son was in waiting at the station, with a fleet horse and gig, and they were speedily skimming along the intervening road.

"Any change, Frederick?"

"None for the better, sir."

There was an interval of silence.

"My son, what a pace you are driving at! Take care what you are about."

"The horse is sure, father. And she lying at the turn between life and death."

Sir Stephen said no more. As the gig reached South Wennock, and dashed through it on its way to Mr. Carlyon's, the inhabitants flocked to their doors and windows. What could possess young Fred Grey, that he was driving in that mad fashion? But, as their eyes fell on his companion, they recognized him, and comprehended all. Sir Stephen Grey, the great physician, brought down from London in that haste? Then Lady Lucy Chesney must be dying.

Mr. Carlyon happened to be at home when the gig dashed up. At the first moment he did not recognize his visitor, but he did when he met him in the hall.

"Sir Stephen Grey?" he coldly said.

"How d'ye do, how d'ye do, Carlyon?" unceremoniously spoke Sir Stephen, in his haste, as he brushed past him. "Which room is she lying in?"

Whether opposition was, or was not, in the surgeon's mind, he did not offer it. He indicated Lady Lucy's chamber, and Sir Stephen went up. For three long hours he was there, and never emerged from it; for three long hours, and every moment of those hours might have been that of death. Lady Jane caused a sandwich to be brought to him, and a glass of wine, and he swallowed them at the bedside. When Sir Stephen left the house again, it was night, and the lamps were lighted outside.

Pacing in the darkest place he could find, beyond the railings of Mr. Carlyon's house, was his son. He met Sir Stephen, but he could not ask the dreaded question.

"The crisis has come, Frederick—and passed."

He struggled with his agitation, he strove to be a man: he essayed twice to speak, before any words would issue from his bloodless lips.

"And she is dead?"

"No," said Sir Stephen, "she will recover." He had placed his arm within his son's, and was walking on with him towards Mr. Grey's, perceiving little of his emotion. Sir Stephen was of equable mind himself, he liked to take things easy, and could not understand that Frederick must be different: Frederick, however, was different: he had inherited his mother's sensitive temperament. Sir Stephen caught a glimpse of his pallid face as they passed the window of Wilkes, the barber, who had a flaring gas jet therein, to display the beauties of a stuffed gentleman, all hair and whiskers, which turned round upon a pivot. "What's the matter, Frederick? Don't you feel well?"

"Oh, yes. A little—anxious. Are you sure the crisis is favorable?"

"Certain. If she dies now, it will be from weakness. I wonder Lady Jane let her be ill at Carlyon's."

"You won't go back to-night, father?"

"No. I shall stay till morning, but I am sure she is all right now. Youth and beauty can't escape, you see. To think that it should have attacked Lucy Chesney."

There were many cases, even at that present time, where the fever had taken as great a hold as it had on Lucy, and when the fact of Sir Stephen's arrival became known—and the news spread like wildfire—Mr. Grey's house was besieged with applicants, praying that Sir Stephen would afford the sick the benefit of his advice, before he went back to town. Such is popular opinion. A few years back, Mr. Stephen Grey had been hunted from the town, scarcely a soul in it would have taken his advice, gratis; but Sir Stephen Grey, the grand London physician, the baronet, the great man who attended upon royalty, had risen to a wonderful premium. Had all the faculty, of all the world combined, been at South Wennock, they would have been thought little of, in comparison with Sir Stephen Grey.

Did he refuse to go? Not he. At the beck and call of any in South Wennock, for he was not one to pay back evil in its own coin, Sir Stephen was abroad, in at one house, out of another, till the little hours of the morning. And not a fee would he take, either from rich or poor: no, no, it was for old friendship's sake, he said, as he shook them by the hand, for old friendship's sake.

To his surprise, when he got back at one o'clock, another applicant was waiting for him, dozing on a chair, under the lamp, in his brother's hall. It was a female, of extraordinary size, in a bonnet and a beard. His coming in aroused her, and she stood up, curtseying after her peculiar fashion.

"You don't remember me, sir."

"Why, bless my heart!—if I don't think it's Mother Pepperdy! What have you been at with yourself? You have grown into two."

"Growed into six, Mr. Stephen, if I'm to be reckoned by breadth. Hope you are well, sir, and your good lady!"

"All well. And now what do you want with me? *To recommend you to a mill that grinds people slander again?* They are not invented yet."

Mrs. Pepperdy shook her head dolefully, intimating that no such mill could have any effect upon her, and proceeded to explain her business, which she persisted in doing at full length, in spite of the lateness of the hour, and Sir Stephen's fatigue.

It appeared that her duties at Mrs. Knagg's were over, through that lady's being, as she expressed it, "on her legs again," and she had that day quitted her. Having her evening at leisure, it struck her that she could not use it to more profit than in making a call upon Mrs. Smith, in Bilster lane, where it might chance that she should drop upon something nice for supper, pickled pork, or some other dainty. Arrived there, a friendly baker having helped her by a lift in his cart, though when he had succeeded in getting her upon it, he believed he should never be able to get her down again, she found Mrs. Smith in tribulation over the boy, who was very much worse; in fact, as she thought, near to death. The news of the great physician's presence in the town penetrated even to the cottage—a neighbor, who went by, telling of it—and Mrs. Smith seized the opportunity of her guest's departure, after supper, to ask her to call and beg him to step up. "And to be sure to say she'd got the money to pay him, lest he should think it was but a poor cottage, and refuse." Upon the last clause in the message, Mrs. Pepperdy laid great stress in telling it.

"But I have no time," cried Sir Stephen. "What's the matter with the boy? The fever?"

"Bless you, no, sir; he haven't got enough of fever in him, poor little wan object! He's going off as fast as he can go in a decline, and a white swelling in his knee."

"Then I can do no good."

"Don't say that, Mr. Stephen, sir. If you only knowed the good a doctor does, just in looking at 'em, you wouldn't say it. He mayn't save their lives by a hour, and mostly don't, in them hopeless cases, but think of the comfort it brings to the cowed-down mind, sir! If you could step up for a minute in the morning, sir, she'd be everlasting grateful."

Telling her he must leave it till the morning to decide, he dismissed Mrs. Pepperdy. He was up early, and his first visit was to Lucy Cheeney, who was decidedly better. She was collected and cool; and, in fact, the danger had nearly passed.

"And now for this cottage of Tupper's, if I must go up," he exclaimed to Frederick, who had walked with him to Mr. Carlyon's, though he had not entered. "I declare it's unreasonable of people: what good can I do to a dying child?"

The boy was in bed upstairs, and Mrs. Smith putting her kitchen to rights, down. She had not expected the doctor so early. He passed quickly up the stairs, for he had not a minute to lose, leaving her to follow. The little fellow, in his restlessness, had got one arm out of his nightgown sleeve, leaving it exposed. Sir Stephen's attention was caught by a mark on

the arm, underneath the shoulder. He looked at it attentively: it was a very peculiar mark, a sort of mole, almost black, and as large as a speckled bean.

"Is there any hope, sir?" whispered the woman, after Sir Stephen had examined him, withdrawing out of hearing of the child as she spoke.

"Not the least."

She paused.

"At any rate, sir, you tell it me plump enough: there's not much soothing there, to a mother's feelings."

"Why should I not tell it you? You said you wished for my candid opinion, and I gave it. You are not his mother."

"Not his mother!" she echoed, in a tone of resentment.

"That you are not. That child's one of mine."

"Whatever do you mean?" she uttered.

"I mean that I brought that child into the world. Look here," he added, retracing his steps to the bed, and pulling aside his night-gown to show the mark; "I know the child by that, and could swear to him among a thousand."

She made no reply at first, and they descended to the kitchen, where Frederick was waiting. Sir Stephen talked as he went down.

"The mother of that child was the unfortunate lady who died at the Widow Gould's, in Palace Street, some years ago. I have cause to remember it, if nobody else has."

The widow fixed her eyes on Sir Stephen.

"I asked Mrs. Pepperfly, who informed me she nursed that lady, whether her child had any mark upon it, and she told me No."

"I don't care what Mrs. Pepperfly told you; she may have forgotten the mark, or may possibly not have seen it at the time, for her faculties of perception are sometimes obscured by gin. I tell you that it is the same child."

Frederick was listening with all his ears, in doubt whether he might believe them. Mrs. Smith gave in—at least so far as that she did not dispute it further.

"Then you are the gentleman, sir, who attended that lady? Mr.—Mr —"

"Mr. Stephen Grey, then; Sir Stephen, now. I am; and I am he, against whom was brought the foul accusation of having carelessly mixed poison with her draught."

"And you did not do it?" she whispered.

"I! My good woman, what you may be to that dead lady, I know not, but you may put perfect faith in this, that I tell you. Over her poor corpse, and in the presence of her Maker, and mine, I took an oath that the draught went out of my hands a proper and wholesome mixture, that no poison was impregnated with it: and I again swear it to you now, within shadow of her dying child."

"Who did do it?" continued the woman.

"Nay, I know not," replied Sir Stephen, as he prepared to leave the cottage.

"It will be brought to light, sir, yet."

"Murder will," suddenly cried Frederick, looking at her.

"You have a suspicion!" hastily exclaimed the woman.

A peculiar expression crossed Frederick Grey's face.

"All I said was, that murder comes to light: if this was murder, it probably will."

The woman ran after Sir Stephen.

"Sir, you have forgotten; you have not taken your fee."

"I don't take fees in South Wennock," he smiled. "Follow my direction, and you may give the child a little ease, but nothing can save him."

As they were going out at the gate they met Mr. Carlyon hustling into it. What on earth had brought *him* there? was the question in his eyes, if not on his lips.

"You have been to see my patient!" he uttered aloud, in no conciliating tone.

"Is it your patient?" cried Sir Stephen. "I declare I thought it was Lycett's, and I had no time to ask extraneous particulars. I have recommended a little change in the treatment, and left a prescription: just to give ease, nothing else can be done."

He spoke in the carelessly-authoritative manner of a first-class physician; he meant no offence, nor dreamt of any; but it grated on the ear of Mr. Carlyon.

"What brought you here at all?"

"The person sent for me; Mrs. Smith, I believe they call her, prayed her heart out, that I would go and have a look at him. I suppose you know what child it is."

"What child it is?" repeated the surgeon, after an almost imperceptible pause. "It won't be long here; I know that much, in spite of physicians' prescriptions."

"It is the child of that lady who died in Palace Street, where I attended for you. She who was killed by the prussic acid."

"Nonsense," uttered Mr. Carlyon.

"There's no nonsense about it," replied Sir Stephen. "Mrs. Smith thought to persuade me I was wrong also, but I convinced her to the contrary."

A change had crossed the face of Mr. Carlyon, a peculiar expression, not unlike that of a stag at bay. Lifting his eyes, he caught those of Frederick Grey rivated upon his, and they bore a stern severity of meaning.

"I think you must be mistaken, Sir Stephen," he said, rallying his manner to indifference. "And it is scarcely possible to recognize an infant after the lapse of years."

"Unless it is born with a distinguishing mark, as this was. I should know that boy if I met it in old age in the wilds of Africa."

"What is the mark?" asked Mr. Carlyon, looking as if he doubted whether there was any.

"It's under the right arm, near the arm-pit; one you can't forget, once seen. Go and look at it."

They parted. Sir Stephen turning out at the gate, Mr. Carlyon towards the door of the cottage. He had all but entered it when he heard himself called, and saw Sir Stephen coming back again.

"You had better make it known abroad that this is the same child, Mr. Carlyon; it may lead to a discovery of the father; in fact, to a discovery of the mystery altogether. Perhaps Mrs. Smith can tell something; I had no time to ask her. It has crossed my mind hundreds of times, that the father, whoever he might be, had to do with the catastrophe. Recollect the fellow you saw, hidden on the stairs."

Sir Stephen had no need to say "Recollect the fellow;" that fellow, especially the face belonging to him, was in Mr. Carlyon's mind, all too often for its peace. Years had begun, in some measure, to wear away its force, but recently it had come back again, as vividly as before.

"I tell you what, Frederick," cried Sir Stephen, as they walked rapidly down the hill, "that person must be the woman who fetched away the infant; her name was Smith. If I could stay an hour or two longer, I'd try and get something out of her."

Lucy Chesney went on to convalescence, not so slowly as might have been expected, for she had an excellent constitution, and the young are elastic. Not yet to great convalescence, but to sufficient to allow of her leaving her bed for the sofa. As she lay there one day in her white attire, so pure, so delicate from her recent illness, Frederick Grey came in.

It was the first time he had been allowed to see her. A hectic flush rose to her cheeks, and she held out both her hands in token of welcome. Not a word was spoken in the first emotion; he passed his arm underneath the pillow on which she was lying, partially to raise her up, and there he held her clasped to him, her fair young face lifted to his.

"Lucy, my whole life shall be one of thankfulness."

"Did you think I should die?"

"Yes, my darling, I did. I may tell you so, now the danger's over. Lucy, it must not be long before you are mine; I cannot risk another trial, such as this has been."

"Had I been yours ever so, you could not have guarded me from it, Frederick."

"Not from the illness; but to know that you were ill—ill unto death, and I not allowed to be with you; there was my trial. I do not care to tell you how badly I bore it; how I paced before the house outside, hour after hour, and night after night, watching its walls. Illness may come to you as my wife, Lucy, but it will be my right to tend you then, my right before all. And it would be a comfort to you, my darling, for the whole world cannot be to you what I am. Sisters, nurses, friends—what are they all to your heart, compared with me?"

"Nothing; nothing," she softly murmured, and how truly and passionately her heart echoed it, she alone could tell.

"I shall always say you saved me, Frederick."

He smiled.

"I saved you! How?"

"By sending for Sir Stephen. Jane declares that soon after he entered, I seemed to grow calmer. He gave me something, a powder, she says, and he changed the lotion that they were putting to my head."

"Lucy, dear, he did nothing for you that my Uncle John was not doing. The disorder was upon the turn when he came."

"I cannot part with my opinion, neither will Jane. It is pleasant to me to think that I owe my prolonged life to your father; or rather to you, for getting him here."

"Keep it then, my dearest," he whispered. "And take one thing to your heart, love—that you shall owe a very great portion of your future life's happiness to me; I will strive to make it, by God's blessing."

"Don't you think you have held me up long enough?" she presently said.

"Does it tire you? or hurt you?"

"Oh, no. But you will be tired."

He raised his own face for a moment that he might look into her eyes.

"Tired, did you say? I wish I might hold you here long enough to become tired."

Her gaze fell beneath the rancy glance that danced in his, and he kissed away the bright blush that rose to her cheek. Suddenly the door opened—Mr. Carlyon! A far brighter blush, a blush of confusion, rose then.

Frederick did not release her; she would have shrunk from his arms, but he kept her where she was, held to him, and raised his head with proud self-possession.

"What do you do here, sir?"

"Do?" returned Mr. Carlyon, "it is my own house."

Could indignation have withered, enough of it was in Frederick's gaze, as it centred on Mr. Carlyon.

"Your own house, sir; but this is Lady Lucy's room in it. I think you forgot yourself when you intruded unbidden."

He gently laid Lucy down as he spoke, and stood upright, his tall form drawn to its full height.

"But that I am my sister-in-law's medical attendant, I might be more punctilious in entering her room; at anyrate, if it be a place for you, it may surely be a place for me. And now I ask you, Mr. Frederick Grey, what you do in it? The excessive intimacy which appears to subsist between you and Lady Lucy, is hardly seemly."

"You will allow me to be the better judge of that," coolly returned the young man. "As my future wife, none can have a greater interest than I, to guard her from aught unseemly."

He drew a chair near the sofa as he spoke, and sat down; an intimation that he had no thought of quitting the room.

Lady Lucy, her face still crimson, spoke.

"Did you want anything, Mr. Carlyon?"

"I came to bring these powders, Lucy," was his reply, as he laid two small, white papers on the table by her side. "You complained of heart-burn; take one in a wine-glass of water, now, and the second later in the day; they will relieve you."

"Thank you," she replied, "I will take it presently."

Judith, attracted probably by the sound of voices, had entered the room in time to hear Mr. Carlyon's last words. The surgeon quitted it, casting a contemptuously indifferent glance at Frederick. As soon as he was gone, the latter took up the powders and examined them.

"Have you suffered from heartburn, Lucy?"

"I think so. I had a hot, disagreeable sensation in my throat this morning, and Mr. Carlyon said it was heartburn; I never had it before."

He wet his fingers, put it to the powder, and tasted what adhered to it. Then he folded up the papers, and handed them to Judith.

"Put these away, Judith. They will do Lady Lucy no good."

"Am I not to take them?" she inquired.

"No, I will bring you a better remedy."

Judith received the powders from him very gingerly, as if she feared they might bite her, and left the room with them. Sometime later, she had occasion to go to a large store-closet in the corridor, and was inside it when Frederick Grey came forth. Mr Carlyon, who had no doubt been listening for him, encountered him, face to face.

"I think it may be as well to have an understanding with you, Mr. Frederick Grey. You appear to assume that you may interfere with me with impunity; I now tell you that it shall not be."

"In what way, have I interfered with you?"

"You enter my house when you please—"

"The ladies Chesney are temporary inmates of your house," was the interruption, "forced inmates, I may say, and I am their guest; not yours. But I have not troubled it much."

"You shall trouble it still less. I say that you and your relations interfere in my business unwarrantably. How dared you and Sir Stephen go tampering with my patient, that boy at Tupper's cottage?"

Frederick quite laughed.

"You and Mrs. Smith had better settle that question between you. She sent for Sir Stephen, and I walked up with him. I have nothing to do with the child, and am glad I have not. I have desired Lady Lucy not to take those powders you brought her, I do not approve of them; so far I have interfered.

"You are cool and easy, sir," foamed Mr. Carlyon. "Do you know that I hate you?"

"I have known that from the time I was a boy. You have hated me since the night we stood by the bed of that dead lady, for you saw that I doubted both you and your plausible tale; you hated me at the inquest, when you found my eyes and ears watching you throughout your evidence; but you have *feared* me since the day I met you by Lady Jane Chesney's gate, and told you my honest mind—that I believe you to have been wilfully guilty of the death. I know all this, Mr. Carlyon."

The surgeon's face was livid as he listened. Not for a moment could he collect himself to retort, and Frederick moved on.

"You shall pay for this," he hissed after him; "you shall not escape my just vengeance."

Frederick Grey wheeled round, severity on his noble brow, warning in his earnest eye.

"Take care that you escape, Mr. Carlyon. If you be, as I truly believe, a guilty man, vengeance will overtake you sooner or later, for if its footsteps are slow, they are sure."

The altercation ended: Frederick strode out of the house, and Mr. Carlyon descended the stairs and disappeared within his surgery: and then Judith emerged from the closet, looking scared. Their tones, suppressed almost to a whisper, lest the house should gather them, had been audible to her; little wonder she looked scared, to hear a gentleman accused of a suspicion of murder.

Mr. Carlyon remained in a sullen mood all day: he was not a good-tempered man, if angered: and, when in-doors, confined himself mostly to his surgery. About half-past four he was making up a mixture for Lady Lucy; for the medicines necessary for her had been supplied from Mr. Carlyon's stock, being on the spot, not from Grey and Lycett's: but it grew too dark to see the proportions, and he turned on the gas, and lighted it. The flame went flaring up, and Mr. Carlyon turned to the narrow counter again, which was close to the window, and took a bottle in his hand.

Reader, when your room has been lighted up, and the window exposed, have you ever felt a dread, a horror of what you might see there. Of seeing something unearthly, or what you may fear as such, standing outside the glass, and peering in? I believe that it is a feeling which has been experienced by many, causing them to drag down the blind, or to order the shutters closed. Was it this feeling which induced Mr. Carlyon to look up from his employment, full at the window before him? or was his mind guided by subtle instinct, whispering that something was there?

The face, but imperfectly seen, was pressed against the glass, in the pane immediately facing him: that horrible face, with its white skin and its black whiskers, and the dark handkerchief round its chin, horrible to the reminiscence of Mr. Carlyon. It was eagerly watching, not him, but his movements as he made up the medicine.

"Take care that you injure not your present patient," it hissed forth, through the glass, "unless you would bring your fate upon you before its time. She is being guarded, and you watched, by one who knows the fate of Clarice."

With a wild cry, that sounded like the scream of a sea-gull, Mr. Carlyon dropped the glass jar upon the floor, and it was shivered into fragments. In rushed his assistant to see what had caused the noise: he found his master perched upon a high stool in a fit of what he took to be the ague, and all the good syrup of Taraxacum spilled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

[Back numbers of the Post containing this powerfully written story, can be obtained at any Periodical store in the country, or from the publishers. *Even if the news-dealer is out of back numbers, he will order them for you, if you request him to do so.*]

A GHOST IN THE ASTOR LIBRARY.—A story is related by Dr. Cogswell, librarian of the Astor Library, that while engaged one evening, some two weeks since, in preparing the catalogue of the library, he had occasion to visit the north-western alcove, and there he distinctly saw the figure of a man, dressed in mortal habiliments, calmly surveying some books on demonology and witchcraft, which were placed upon the shelves. The doctor recognized the figure as that of a physician who had recently deceased, and had resided in the neighborhood. He spoke to his ghostship, but instead of replying, the dead man incontinently vanished. Two subsequent meetings, which the librarian had with the same personage, terminated in a like unsatisfactory manner.

CORSICAN HONOR.

A TRUE STORY.

(CONCLUDED.)

The voltigeurs were busy cutting some branches from a clump of chestnut trees—while the adjutant bound up the wound of his captive—as Mateo Falconi and his wife appeared suddenly in a bend of the path that led to the *maquis*. Guiseppa walked slowly, nearly bent double beneath the weight of an enormous sack filled with chestnuts, while her husband strode in advance, carrying, with great stateliness, a gun in his hand, and another in a bandoleer; for in Corsica it is deemed unworthy for a man to carry other burdens than weapons of offence and defence. Mateo could not restrain an exclamation of surprise when he perceived the soldiers grouped in front of his house, and halting abruptly, he said to his wife—

"Put down the sack, Guiseppa, and hold thyself in readiness to do thy duty as a wife."

She obeyed without hesitation, and Mateo giving her the gun he had in the bandoleer, proceeded to place in readiness the other which he held in his hand, at the same time advancing with slow and cautious steps towards his house; gliding from tree to tree, and ready at the first hostile demonstration to shelter himself behind the largest trunk while he took deadly aim at the enemy. His wife followed close at his heels holding the other gun, prepared to supply the place of that which her husband carried, when the latter should be discharged. For the duty of a good wife in case of combat, is to stand by and reload the fire-arms of her husband.

But the adjutant saw the danger that menaced him, and took a course, which, under the circumstances, showed no small degree of courage. He advanced alone to meet Falconi, in order to explain the affair, addressing him with the freedom of an old acquaintance.

"Hilloh! old comrade," he shouted, "it is I, your cousin, Gamba!"

Mateo, without answering a word, stopped and surveyed the speaker; then raised the barrel of his gun so that it pointed to the sky.

The adjutant joined him.

"Good day, brother! (*)" he said, extending his hand. "It is an age since we have met."

"Good day, brother."

"I wished to say *bonjour* in passing to you and my cousin Guiseppa. We have had a long stage to-day, but I must not complain of fatigue, for we have made a famous prize in capturing Gianetto Sanpiero."

"Heaven be praised!" cried Guiseppa, "he robbed us of a fine milch goat only last week."

"Poor devil!" said Mateo, "would you have had him die of hunger?"

"The scoundrel fought like a lion," continued the adjutant. "He has killed one of my voltigeurs, and not satisfied with that, has broken with a musket shot, the arm of corporal Chardon. Afterwards, he concealed himself so well, that but for my little cousin Fortunato, we should never have been able to find him."

"Fortunato!" cried Mateo.

"Fortunato!" echoed Guiseppa.

"Yes. Gianetta had made his hiding-place in yonder heap of hay, but my sharp little cousin exposed the trick. And I will not fail to report it to his good uncle, who will send him a handsome present, be assured. Both his name and thine, Mateo, shall figure honorably in the report I shall make to the Advocate-General."

"Malediction!" groaned Mateo, and his head sunk on his bosom. They had rejoined the detachment, which with Gianetto reclining upon the litter, was preparing for departure. When the outlaw saw Mateo Falconi in company with Gamba, a dark vindictive smile passed across his face, rising with difficulty and turning towards the door of the house, he spat upon its threshold, saying in tones of the most bitter contempt, "House of a traitor!" None but a man who was certain of a speedy death, dared pronounce and apply such a word as traitor to Mateo Falconi; a poniard thrust would at once have paid the insult, and silenced forever the insulter. Nevertheless, Mateo made no other gesture than to cover his forehead quickly with his hand, like one overwhelmed by some terrible and unexpected misfortune.

Fortunato, who had entered the house on witnessing the arrival of his father, now reappeared, carrying a bowl of milk, which, with faltering steps, and drooping eyelids, he presented to Gianetto.

"Approach me not!" cried the outlaw, in a voice of thunder, then turning towards one of the voltigeurs, "Comrade," said he, "give me drink."

The soldier lifted the gourd which he carried to Gianetto's lips, who drank gratefully the water presented to him by the man, with whom but a short time before he had exchanged musket shots. Afterwards he requested that his hands might be fastened across his chest rather than behind his back; "For," said he, "a man who makes his last journey should at least be allowed to take his ease."

This demand satisfied, the Adjutant gave the signal "en route" and, after saying adieu to Mateo, who replied neither by gesture nor word, followed by his men, he descended at a quickened pace towards the plain.

Ten minutes must have passed ere Mateo opened his mouth. The child meanwhile glancing with an unquiet eye from one parent to the other, yet avoiding the stern gaze of his father, who, leaning upon his gun, kept his eyes fixed upon him with an expression of deep and concentrated anger.

"You have begun well," said Mateo, at last, in a calm voice, yet not the less alarming for that, to those who knew the man.

"Father!" cried the child, advancing with tears in his eyes, and about to throw himself on his knees, but Mateo recoiled from his touch. "Back!" he said, and the boy sobbing piteously stood motionless some steps from hi father.

Guiseppa now approached her son. She had just perceived the chain of the watch, the end of which dangled from beneath the waistband of Fortunato.

"Who gave you that watch?" she asked in cold and severe tone.

"My cousin, the Adjutant."

Falconi seized the watch, and cast it with so much force against a block of stone, that it was shattered into a thousand pieces.

"Wife," said he, "is this child one of mine?"

The brown cheeks of Guiseppa reddened with suppressed anger

"What is that you ask me, Mateo? Know you to whom you speak?"

"I know that he is the first of his race who has been guilty of treachery."

The sobs of Fortunato redoubled, for Falconi kept his eyes, bright and fierce as those of a lynx, fixed upon him. At last, the grieved and angry father, awakening as from some terrible dream, struck the ground with the butt end of his gun to attract his son's attention, then throwing the weapon across his shoulder, retraced his way to the *maquis*, at the same time commanding Fortunato to follow him.

The child almost mechanically obeyed.

Guiseppa seized Mateo by the arm.

"He is your son," she said, in a trembling voice, and seeking with her dark eyes to read the thought that troubled those of her husband.

"Go," answered Mateo, sternly; "you have said the truth, it is my misfortune to be his father."

Guiseppa embraced her son, and weeping bitterly, entered the house to throw herself on her knees before the image of the Holy Mother, and pour out her heart in prayer.

Falconi strode along the path that led towards the *maquis* for some two hundred paces, then suddenly halting, descended into a small ravine. He sounded the earth with the butt of his gun, and found it yielding and easy to dig.

"Fortunato, place yourself near that large stone."

The child did as commanded, and, with a quaking heart, knelt down.

"Say what prayers you know."

"Father! father! surely you will not kill me;" and the boy half rose from his knees.

"Say your prayers," repeated Mateo, in a voice so full of menace and anger, that the child obeyed, and, stammering and sobbing, recited the *Pater* and the *Credo*. His father's strong voice repeating *Amen* after each prayer.

"Are these all the prayers you know?"

"I know also the *Ave Maria* and the litany."

"It is somewhat long, but no matter."

The child, in an almost inaudible voice, said the litany. When he had ceased, his father again asked—

"Have you finished?"

"Oh! my father, have mercy! Pardon me, I will never, never offend again. I will entreat my cousin, the magistrate, that mercy shall be shown to Gianetto!"

He was yet speaking, when Mateo, raising his gun to his shoulder, said—

"You have prayed, and may Heaven pardon you, Fortunato, my son."

There was a shriek of mingled terror and entreaty, followed by a sharp report, and before the smoke had cleared away from the spot, Mateo Falconi had retaken the road back to his house. He had not gone many yards before he met, standing like a spectre in his path, the pale and trembling Guiseppa.

"What have you done?" she asked.

"Justice," was the stern reply.

"Where have you left him? Where is my son?"

"In the ravine. He died a Christian, and the priests shall chant many masses for the peace of his soul. * * * * * Let my son-in-law, Tiodoro Bianchi, know my wish, that he can come and dwell with us. It is not well we be alone." W. P.

(*) *Buon giorno, fratello.* The usual salutation in Corsica.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 200—Adults 95, and children 105.

WASHINGTON CUSTOMS.—A lady correspondent of the *New York Tribune* thus describes a recent dinner at Senator Seward's:—

"A dinner which I attended at Senator Seward's may serve as an illustration of the style on such occasions. At 6 o'clock we were set down at his residence; found a number of the guests already assembled—the others arriving not long after. A formal presentation to the gentleman who is to be your escort to the dining-room takes place; you have a pleasant chit-chat in the drawing-room, during which time, according to etiquette, you remain standing; you are then led into the dining-room; a waiter in white gloves meets you at the door, designates your seat, where you find your name attached to the napkin placed by your plate. The host then mentions the names of his guests, to see if they are properly seated. Turtle soup is then served; the other courses in regular order, seventeen in number—the plates being changed for each course; wine-glasses, five in number, of different size, form, and color, indicating the different wines to be served. The meats are carved by the head cook, in a separate apartment, and, being placed in silver dishes, are handed to you by a waiter in white gloves always at your left hand.

"Upon entering the dining-room you perceive the table laid with perfect taste, containing the confectionary and conserves for the grand finale; beautiful pyramids of iced fruits, oranges, French kisses, &c., all beautiful to look at, but dangerous unless your digestive organs are stronger than mine.

"You are conducted back into the parlor in the same manner that you entered—when coffee is served and liqueurs of different kinds. A short time is spent in conversation, when the guests one by one begin to leave."

A TERRIBLE MEETING.—For some time past a house of ill fame has annoyed the citizens of a village on the line of the Cleveland and Columbus Railroad, and it was determined that the house should be broken up. On Thursday night the Marshal of the village made a descent upon the house, took the inmates in custody, and the next morning they were taken before a magistrate for examination. There were three girls among the prisoners, and as the eye of the magistrate fell upon one of them he grew deadly pale, and hastily adjourned the court. Among these wretched and abandoned girls, he recognized the once fair features of his own daughter. Several years before, while attending a Female Seminary in an Eastern State, she had eloped with a worthless fellow, and her father had never heard of her or seen her until that terrible morning. Deserted by her husband, she adopted a life of prostitution, and found her way to the West. The father, unknown to her, moved also to the West, and settled in the village above alluded to.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

RATS HAVE A FONDNESS FOR GOOD TEETH.—Recently a gentleman from Ravenna stopped for the night with some friends in Huntington, Lorain county. As he retired for the night, he extracted from his mouth a set of one hundred dollar false teeth, and laid them on a chest by the bed. On rising in the morning, he was greatly surprised to find that the teeth were missing. After a brief and fruitless search, he apprised the family of his misfortune, and a general search ensued. They were about to give up the search in despair, when it was discovered that the room had been visited during the night by rats, which had left the prints of their feet, as they had access to a jar of preserves. It was then decided that the teeth must have been carried off by those mischievous creatures. Then followed the tearing off of window-casings, baseboards, siding, &c., which resulted in the recovery of the valuable masticators. They had been carried, uninjured, between the weather-boarding and the inside wall.—*Cleveland Herald.*

WOMEN'S LEGS.—The following plea for the possible exhibition, certainly the use, of legs by women, is from a speech of one of the sex at the National Health Association:

"Who could conceive any idea of the beautiful form of even the fairest woman by the shape of her dress, from the waist downward. God might have made her like an umbrella, and yet with some means of locomotion, if he chose. But since He has given her legs—real flesh and blood legs, like a man's,—why shouldn't she be permitted to dress so that she could use them? The modern dress was the prominent theme for the caricatures of comic papers. The right of locomotion was one of the dearest rights woman had, and emblematic of her power and dignity. The hands were noble members, but the legs were nobler. No prouder thing was said of a certain woman than that she had walked three thousand miles over the western prairies."

SEVERAL MYSTERIES EXPLAINED.—Between Orleans and Nevers, and not far from Coane, on the Loire river, in France, lies the village of La Celle. In this village, standing at some distance from any other building, is the Giraffe Hotel, the proprietor of which acquired wealth very rapidly, and, to the villagers, most unaccountably. Recently a railroad was projected to run through La Celle, and "mine host" of the Giraffe offered to have that part of the road which was to pass over a tract of land in his vicinity made at his own expense. This disinterested offer was not accepted, but laborers at once placed upon the spot, who, in the excavations necessary to make the proper grade, exhumed no less than twenty-five human bodies, some of which were recognized as those of merchants and travellers who had mysteriously disappeared after remaining for a night at the "Giraffe."

DANGEROUS RESULTS OF VACCINATION.—The fatal results attending the vaccination of the citizens of Westford were nearly equalled in this city a short time since. Five men employed in one establishment in Elm street, were vaccinated with matter obtained from a scab taken from the arm of the child of an acquaintance. Inflammation followed, their arms became swollen to double their natural size, delirium set in, and for several days the lives of the patients were despaired of. They have, with one exception, recovered. In that case the patient is still in a precarious condition. The inoculation was not performed by a physician, but by the father of the child from whose arm the scab was taken.—*Boston Atlas.*

SINGULAR.—A gentleman from Cherry township, this county, informs us that one day last week, a large bear entered a dwelling-house in that place, and seized a little child, which was playing about the floor, commenced caressing and fondling with it in the most tender and fondest manner. The child, as well as the bear, seemed highly delighted with each other, and strange to say, this singular proceeding continued for several minutes, till the terrified mother—the only person about the house—seized upon the opportunity to bar the door upon the rough intruder while he chanced to be on the outside. Verily, the lion and the lamb have lain down together.—*Sullivan County Democrat.*

A DEAD MAN ADJUDGED TO PAY $1,088 FOR THE FUN OF BEING BLOWN UP IN A POWDER MILL.—At a recent Ulster county (New York) Court, the following trial came off:—John Smith against Hiram Hasbrouck, administrator of Adam Wiesner, deceased. Mr. Hasbrouck is administrator of Wiesner by virtue of his office of County Treasurer. Plaintiff claimed that the carelessness of Wiesner caused an explosion of his powder mill in Esopus, by which he lost $1,000. Wiesner was killed by the explosion, and left no relatives. The jury gave a verdict for plaintiff for $1,088.

NEWS ITEMS.

A Race of Giants Formerly Lived in Peru.—In a lot of Peruvian guano, received at Petersburg, Va., has been found the remains of the hand of a human being, about twice the usual size of that member of those now living, which shows that a race of men of extraordinary size once inhabited that part of the world.

Sweet and Sour.—The Milwaukee Democrat, referring to a statement of the Hon. Amasa Walker, that trees may be so grafted as to produce an apple, one half of which is of one kind of fruit, and the other of different kind, says that in an orchard in Cass county, Michigan, may be found a tree bearing apples which are composed of alternate sections of layers of sweet and sour, each apple containing perhaps six distinct sections, the sweet and sour portions distinctly marked, the former being yellow and the latter green.

Mexican Wheat.—A specimen of Mexican wheat has been exhibited in San Antonio, weighing sixty-seven pounds to the bushel, which is superior in plumpness and whiteness of the grain to the famous Michigan variety. It is to be introduced into Texas. The Mexicans raise it without resorting to irrigation, in the dryest portions of their country, which proves the adaptation of Texan soil for its production.

The Arab's Wonder.—An English traveller describes the speechless amazement with which a wild Arab chief of the desert watched, in a tent near Cairo, the development of a photograph of the great Sphinx. When the features of the mysterious sculpture were revealed on the glass, the Arab turned to his companion, and, pointing to the photographer, exclaimed, "He is the eldest son of Satan."

There are a hundred and sixty-five soldiers of the Revolution still living. The youngest of them is eighty nine years old.

"Love Rules the Court."—A jury in Texas lately acquitted a man on the charge of horse-stealing, although the crime was clearly proven against him, simply because he stole the horse to elope with his sweetheart, who was present in court during the trial, and waiting to marry him if acquitted. The jurors had probably all been in love themselves, at one period or another of their lives, and there was not, perhaps, one of them but what would have done the same thing, in their younger days, if they couldn't have got their wives without.

The Homestead Bill.—The substance of the Homestead Bill, which recently passed the House, is that any person who is the head of a family or twenty-one years or more of age may enter one quarter-section of land, subject to pre-emption, and at the expiration of five years, if then a citizen, shall be entitled to a patent on payment of $10. The bill *ought* to give more to those who have large families of children.

A locomotive, designed to ascend railways, has been tried in Cincinnati, and pronounced satisfactory.

A petition has gone before the Rhode Island General Assembly, praying for a restoration of the death penalty for murder.

Piccolomini is married. She sang one morning at the Crystal Palace, and left on the next for Dublin, where the knot was tied. The happy possessor of the fascinating singing bird is an Italian prince, a Roman by birth, and a relative of one of the Cardinals. He does not, as in many instances, marry for the round sum realized by the vocalist, but is a man of some fortune—for Italy.

The Hartford Courant states that the manufacturers of odometers, for measuring the distance travelled by any vehicle, is now carried on somewhat extensively in that city. Livery keepers use them considerably, and in many cases the individuals who go off for a drive of five or ten miles, and take twenty, are brought up "with a round turn" by the contrivance, and often to their great astonishment.

A Turin letter states a rather amusing fact. In consequence of threats of excommunication of the King of Sardinia, a commission, consisting of some of the most distinguished advocates of Turin, was appointed to look into the law. They report that no papal excommunication can be received in Sardinia without the royal exequatur, and that any priest publishing an excommunication without such authority is liable to prosecution, and even, according to laws yet unrepealed, to the penalty of death.

New Hampshire.—The Republicans have carried New Hampshire by about 5,000 majority. They have a majority of about 90 in the Legislature.

Stevens and Hazlett were executed in Charlestown, Va., on the 16th. Both the condemned appeared resigned to their fate, and exhibited great firmness and resignation. Stevens died very hard, but Hazlett expired without a struggle.

Gold Discovered in Scotland.—Gold has been found among the quartz detritus in Glengaber burn, a small mountain rivulet which falls into the Meggat, about a mile and a half from St. Mary's Loch, Scotland. The gold is in small nuggets, some of them resembling flattened split peas. The quantity picked up is in weight equal to half a sovereign.

The Court Journal says that there is not the slightest foundation for the announcement, copied from the Dutch papers, of the approaching marriage of the Prince of Orange with an illustrious British Princess.

There are now nearly 150 temperance societies in Norway, and drunkards are rapidly disappearing from that country.

An extraordinary event in the history of the German Jews has just taken place. In the free city of Hamburg, where a Jew, ten years ago, was not even eligible for a night constable, a Jew, by the free suffrages of the citizens, has lately been chosen a chief magistrate, next in station to the highest dignitary in that Republic. The gentleman elected is a distinguished jurisconsult and writer, Dr. Gabriel Reisser, who was Vice-President of the German Parliament that sat at Frankfort in 1848.

Dr. Richard Mead, of England, was the first to introduce the custom of having himself called out of church; but he practised this ruse under more favorable advantages than most could. His father was a clergyman, with a large congregation, and when the doctor was summoned out, would say, "Dear brethren, let us offer a prayer for the poor sufferer to whose relief my son Richard has been called." In this way the son gained notoriety.

Garibaldi and his Bride.—The London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, referring to Garibaldi's marriage, states that on the morning of the wedding, the General received information as to the antecedents of his bride, which led to a long and stormy interview with her father, and to his subsequent departure. He has not since rejoined his wife, and an Austrian report says that the General has applied to the Pope for a dispensation from the marriage vows. The Gazette de Lausanne gives the following, taken from a Lucerne journal: "The young wife of Garibaldi has arrived at Lucerne, in company with an adjutant of her husband. The officer being challenged to a duel by the General, replied to it by flight."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1500 head. Prices advanced slightly for good cattle, a few lots having been disposed of at $10@$10 50 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—6000 head arrived, and sold at from 6 to 6½c ₱ lb, gross. Cows—100 head sold at from $20 to 40, as in quality.

At Imhoff's Hog market 1298 head arrived during the week. The selling prices were for "still" fed $7 to 8.50, and for corn fed $9.50 ₱ 100 lbs net.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

March 17.—BREADSTUFFS—Flour heavy—sales of 4300 bbls at $5,15@5,25 for State; $5,00@6,10 for Ohio, and $6@6,25 for Southern. Wheat heavy, sales of 6500 bus at $1,60 for white and $1,25 for Milwaukie Club. Corn firm; sales of 10,000 bus at 74@80c. Pork quiet. Lard firm. Whiskey steady at 23½c.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The market for Flour, under fair receipts and a very limited demand, both for export and home use, has ruled dull this week, and some holders, in order to meet the views of buyers, have submitted to a slight decline; the sales include some 6000 bbls at $5,75@6 for superfine, the latter for good straight brands; $6,12½@6,25 for common and good extras, part Lancaster county, and $6,50@6,75 for extra family, including about 1000 bbls of the latter on terms kept private, the market closing quiet but steady at the above rates, most holders, however, refusing our lowest figures for standard superfine. The sales to the trade have been within the same range of quotations for superfine and extras, and $7@7,25 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality. Rye Flour continues scarce and selling in a small way only at $4,37½ ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is more inquired for, and Penna Meal is badly wanted at $3,50 ₱ bbl: sales of 400 bbls are reported on terms we could not learn, said to be at something more.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat continue very light, and holders have put up their prices 3@5c ₱ bus since the close of last week: the millers, however, are not disposed to operate to any extent at the advance, and at the close part of the improvement has been lost. The sales include about 17,000 bus, in lots, at 143@150c for reds, the latter for choice Lancaster county, and 155@165c for common and choice white, in store and afloat. We quote the former at 141@147c, as in quality. Rye has been in good request, and all offered sold at 92@93c, the latter for good Pennsylvania. Corn has been dull and neglected, with sales of some 36,000 bus to note in lots at 73@74c for prime yellow in store and afloat, including some in the cars at the former rate; damp lots at 70@72c, damaged do at 64@68c, and good white at 72c, in the cars. Oats are better, and about 15,000 bus sold at 44c for Delaware and 45c for Pennsylvania, mostly of the latter; the receipts have been light. Barley is moving off at 80@85c, as in quality. Of Barley Malt the sales reach about 12,000 bus, at 90@100c, as in quality.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally has ruled very inactive, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers, and Mess Pork has been taken in a small way at $18½@18¾, and Prime at $13@15 for old and new. A sale of extra clear Pork was made at $21, one of heavy Mess at $19, on time, and 150 bbls Beef Hams at $17 for Dominick's, and $16½ for Chicago, ₱ 220 lbs. City Mess Beef sells for ship stores at $13@15 ₱ bbl. Of Bacon the sales have been limited, principally to go South, at 8½@8¾c for Shoulders, and 10½@10¾c for Sides, usual credit. Hams sell as wanted at 10@12c for plain and fancy cured. Green meats are firmer, with sales of about 500 casks to note, in lots, at 9@10½c for Hams in salt and pickle, 9½@9¾c for Sides in salt, and 7½@7¾c for Shoulders, cash and time. Some large sales of bulk Meats are also reported at about the above rates, including some lots taken on prices kept private. Lard has been moderately active, and about 1500 pkgs have been disposed of at 11½@11¾c for Prime in bbls and tes, mostly, however, on terms kept private, for export, and 11½@12c for kegs, cash and time; some country packed sold at 10½@11c ₱ lb. Butter is dull at 10@11c for solid, and 14@16c for roll, as in quality. Cheese is selling at 11½@12c, and Eggs at 15@15c ₱ dozen; we quote at the former rate.

COTTON—The market has been very quiet during the past week, manufacturers coming forward slowly and purchasing only to supply their immediate wants; prices, however, show little or no variation but for the low grades, which are most abundant; they rule somewhat irregular and in favor of the buyers, the week's sales reaching some 950 bales, in lots, at from 10½ to 12½c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, chiefly of the former at from 11 to 12c ₱ lb, cash.

BARK—Quercitron is coming in slowly, and all offered, about 100 hhds sold in lots at $29 for 1st No 1, at which rate it is wanted. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote yellow at 35@36c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is very little movement in the market as yet, and prices are without any quotable change, orders coming in slowly. The demand for home use is also limited, and prices about the same.

COFFEE—There is none arriving, and the market is excited and prices tending upward, with a limited stock to operate in, there being very little left in first or second hands, and sales and resales reach about 3500 bags, in small lots, at 13@14c for Rio; 12½@12¾c for St Domingo, and 15½@15¾c for Java, on the usual terms.

COPPER—There is no alteration to note and a limited business doing in Sheathing and Yellow Metal at quotations.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, ₱ lb $2@2,50, Rocky Mt., $3@3,50, Muskrat Skin, 15@20c, Nutria do, 30@45c, Raccoon do, 25@60c.

FEATHERS are moving off rather more freely at 48@50c ₱ lb for good and prime Western, and the stock is light.

FRUIT—We note a sale of 400 bags Dried Apples at a price kept private. Green Apples are scarce and high, and we quote them at $3@4 ₱ bbl, as to condition. Dried Peaches are scarce and selling as wanted at 9@12c for unpared, and 13@16c ₱ lb for pared.

HEMP is quiet, but without change to note in price or demand.

HIDES continue dull, owing to the difference in the views of buyers and sellers: the arrivals are light, including no invoice of African, which remains unsold—they invariably are taken East.

HOPS also continue dull, and a small business doing at 12@17c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western, as in quality.

IRON—The market has been very quiet this week, and buyers and sellers are apart in their views. The demand for pig metal, however, is limited, and we quote at $23 for Anthracite No 1, and $22 for No 2 on time, some holders asking more. Nothing doing in Scotch pig. Blooms and bolter plates are also dull, and prices about the same. In bars and rails there is very little doing, and no changes to note.

LEAD is firm but quiet, there being little or no stock here to operate in.

LEATHER—The market generally is dull for the season, but good Spanish Sole and Slaughter are scarce and wanted at full prices, but other kinds are neglected.

LUMBER is beginning to arrive, and hemlock raft Lumber has been sold at $7,50. Susquehanna White Pine Boards $14@16. Some Shipping Boards at the former figures, and Delaware Yellow Pine at $15@16 ₱ M.

MOLASSES has been been quiet, owing to the firmness of holders, and sales of some 500 hhds to note at 21@26c for Clayed Cuba, the former for Old Crop; 28@30c for Muscovado do, and 40c for Porto Rico on time. Some 400 bbls New Orleans also sold at 45@47c, usual credit, mostly at the former rate for fair quality.

PLASTER—There is none arriving or selling, and we quote soft at $3,75 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed has been arriving freely, but the demand has fallen off, and the market has been dull and drooping. Sales include some 2000 bush, in lots, at $3,50@4 for inferior to fair, and $4,25@4,75 for good and prime lots, mostly at $4,37½@4,62½ ₱ bushel. Timothy has been selling at from $3,37½@3,62½; we quote at $3,50 ₱ bushel, and not much doing. Domestic Flaxseed is wanted, and but little offering, and sales are reported at $1,55@1,60 ₱ bushel, the latter for good lots.

SPIRITS—There is more doing in Brandies; the demand, however, is mostly speculative, and prices are fully maintained and firm. Gins are steady, with moderate sales. N E Rum sells as wanted at 35@37c. Whiskey is unsettled, and lower, Pennsylvania barrels having been sold at 22½@23c; Ohio do, 24c: Drudge, 21@21½c: and hhds at 22@22½c.

SUGARS are firmly held, with reduced stocks on sale, and buyers come forward more freely. Some 600 hhds have been disposed of on landing, principally New Orleans, at from 6½ to 8¼c, as in quality, on time, and 380 hhds Cuba on terms kept private.

TALLOW—The stock is very much reduced, and we quote city at 10½@11c ₱ lb, and very little doing.

TOBACCO—There is rather more doing in both Leaf and Manufactured, but without any change to note; the demand is principally for the latter; some sales of Penna Seed Leaf are reported at 9@12c ₱ lb, usual terms.

WOOL—The market for this staple has been very inactive, but without any alteration to note in prices, and the sales have been mostly confined to small lots within the range of quotation.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

HENDRICKSON, BLAKE & L. NG, Nos. 21 and 23 Ann Street, New York.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. T. S. Malcolm, Mr. M. Stratton, to Miss S. M. Dorschreiber, both of this city.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Maddux, Mr. John Wilkinson, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Rorr, of Bucks county, Pa.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. C. Johnstone, Mr. Daniel Yates, to Miss Jane Worthington.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. W. H. Luckenbach, Mr. Tiras Gerhard, of this city, to Miss Adeline Aurens, of Reading.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. W. Cathcart, Mr. Edward J. White, to Miss Elizabeth Hall, both of Montgomery county, Pa.

On the 8th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, in presence of Alexander Henry, Esq., Mayor, Benjamin Griscom, to Rebecca B. Hilliard, of Salem county, N. J.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

Philadelphia, March 8th, Harriet Allen, daughter of Capt. J. W. Marsters, of Salem, Mass., and wife of R. B. Kitts.

On the 14th instant, Joseph Lesley, in his 50th year.

March 10th, Rebecca, wife of the Rev. J. M. Willson, in her 48th year.

On the 8th instant, Lewis C. Harman, Jr. of consumption, in his 42d year.

Suddenly, Saturday, March 10th, Mrs. Oliver Ruggles, in her 85th year.

Suddenly, on Friday evening, March 9th, Eliza Tod, relict of the late Dr. John C. Otto.

Suddenly, March 12th, 1860, James C. Donnell, in his 59th year.

Near Morrisville, Bucks county, Pa. on the 12th instant, Elizabeth, wife of John Kirkbride, in her 73d year.

On the 12th instant, Humphrey Green, in his 91st year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

LOANS.	Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct, 1862	—	—
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	108	—
" 6 " coupon '74	107½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	102	102½
" " new	103	103½
" " c	94	—
Penna 6 pr ct,	—	—
" " coupon	40	—
Allegh City 6 pr ct	65	73
" County	—	—
R R issue	44	53
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" 5 "	93½	95
Texas 5 "	71½	72
" A " coupon	77½	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	104½	—
Ohio " 1856	103	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	98½	99
Virginia "	97½	—
Indiana 5 pr ct	92	—
Ill State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's	116	118

BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	140	—
Philadelphia	119	120
Farm & Mec	57	57½
Commercial	49	50
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	264	27
Southwark	68	—
N Township	33	33½
Kensington	54	55
Girard	66	—
Western	64	—
Man & Mec	—	—
Commerce	—	76
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	41	—
Consolidation	23	23½
Commonwealth	20½	27
Corn Exchange	20	—
Germantown	—	50
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	58	—
Exchange "	48	—
Kentucky, Ky	120	—
Northern "	122	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	—	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	88	—
Planters "	—	100
N O Gas Light	100	—
Com & R R Bank,	—	—
Yorkshire	7	7½
Washington Gas	—	—
Lixington	25½	—
Lehigh Zinc	—	—
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	16	17
N Liberties Gas	—	30½
Southwark and	—	—
Frankford R R	80	81
Bonds	95	97

RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.	Bid.	Asked
Pennsylvania R R	—	—
1st mort bonds	101	102
2nd "	90½	91
stock	32½	33½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr	—	—
ct bonds, 1864	127	129
Reading R R 6 pr	—	—
ct bonds, '70	—	80
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '88	70½	71½
stock	21	21½
Lehigh Valley R R	—	—
mort 6 pr ct	88	90
stock	42	44
Phil, Wil & Balt	—	—
R R 6 pr ct loan	95	—
Ches Val R R, 7's	36	—
Tioga R R, "	—	45
Williams & Elmira	—	—
7's 1st mort	95	98
2nd "	115	120
stock	5	11
Catawissa	5	7
Beaver Meadow	—	—
stock	52	53
preferred 10 pr ct	85	—
North Penn's R R	—	—
stock	9	8½
6 pr ct loan	66	68½
Phil Ger & Nor RR	—	—
stock, div'd off	51½	52
6 pr ct loan	99	102½
Minehill R R	57½	58
Har & Lan R R	—	—
stock	57	58
bonds '85	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R	—	—
stock	—	18
Long Island R R,	—	—
stock	11½	11½
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	67	68½
Illinois "	97½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—

CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct	—	—
loan, '97	—	71
1859, 6 pr ct	77½	78
stock	8½	9
preferred	18½	19½
Lehigh Nav stock	52	—
mort 6 pr ct	100	100
scrip	35½	37
Morris Canal'd	5½	5½
preferred	109½	110
Ches & Del	40	—
bonds	98	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater	24	3
bonds, 1879	50	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, March 17, 1860.

Pennsylvania.	South Carolina.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks ½ dis
New Jersey.	Alabama.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 to 2½ dis
Delaware	Mississippi.
Solv bks par to ¼ dis	All bks uncertain
Maryland.	Louisiana.
Baltimore par to ¼ dis	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Ohio.
New York	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Bot bks par to ¼ dis	Kentucky.
Maine.	Solv bks 1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Indiana.
New Hampshire.	State bank 1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Illinois.
Vermont	Solv bks 3½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Missouri.
Connecticut.	Solv bks 1½ to 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Tennessee.
Massachusetts.	Old bks 1½ to 2½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Michigan.
Rhode Island.	Solv bks 1½ dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Wisconsin.
Virginia.	Solv bks 3 dis
Solv bks ½ to 1 dis	Texas.
Dist. of Columbia.	Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston — dis
Solv bks ¼ dis	Canada.
North Carolina.	Solv bks 1 dis
Solv bks ½ to 1½ dis	
Georgia.	
Solv bks ½ dis	

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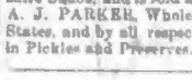

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Wit and Humor.

A HAIRY SHOPKEEPER.

Upon the banks of the Mississippi, in the State of Tennessee, there once dwelt an old chap by the name of Yadge—Tom Yadge. Now, Tom had been an honest, hard working man all his life, *but he had never owned a saddle*; but as Tom grew old, his wealth and importance increased, and with it a desire for a hog-skin; so he one day packed up a clean shirt, stuffed a hundred dollars into his wallet, stepped upon a steamboat, and away he started down the river for New Orleans *to buy him a saddle*. Now this was the first trip Tom had ever made; he had lived all his life where he was born, and had never heard any other language than that of his mother tongue. In the course of a few days he landed upon the levee at New Orleans.

Poor Tom, little did he know what he had to encounter. The Frenchman was there, the Italian was there, the Spaniard was there, the German was there—some from all parts of the world were crowded upon that levee—and there was Tom, with his eyes stretched, and ears open, completely mystified and bewildered at the strange jargon going on around him: he stood it as long as mortal man well could, and at last struck out, with his mind fully prepared to be surprised at nothing he saw, upon his errand of the saddle.

After meandering about the city for some time, he at length found a saddler's shop; Tom with heart elate, walked in.

The first and only living creature which met his vision was a baboon of the largest species sitting upon the counter, playing with the girths which were hanging from the saddle immediately over his head. Tom very politely addressed him: "How do you do, sir?" The baboon grinned and nodded. "I wish to buy a saddle," says Tom. The same expression from the monkey. *In a louder key from Tom*—"I want to buy a saddle." A very polite grin from the baboon. "I will give you $20 for that saddle," says Tom, at the same time handing him a $20 bill. The animal, having seen his master put money into the drawer, took it, and hopping along the counter, made a deposit of Tom's $20 note. He returned, however, immediately to his former position.

Tom—"Well, hand us down the pig-skin." Very little notice from the baboon. "Hang it, why don't you give me my saddle? I have paid you for it, so hand it down, or I will take it myself." An awful chattering from the baboon. Tom, not intending to be fooled with any longer, reached out and caught hold of his property; but no sooner had the poor fellow done so, than the nails and teeth of the monkey were driven into his arm. Tom kicked and swore—the baboon bit and screamed—until at last, the owner of the shop, a Frenchman with long moustache, came rushing into the room.

"What you do, sare? What do you want in here, you old rascal? By gar, you shall give me *satisfacshune*."

Tom, not in the least daunted, but very much exasperated, ripped out, "You *infernal* old hairy mouth scoundrel! I believe you wish to steal my $20! I came in here, bought a saddle, paid the money down for it, and now, when I want to be going with it, your *son* there, has refused to let me have it, and has kicked up a fuss about it!"

Tom, however, got his saddle, and returned the next morning in the boat going up the river; but he has been heard to swear it was the last thing he ever intended to purchase of that shopkeeper.

A Bright Boy.—We never read the scene in Henry IV., where Falstaff and Prince Henry exchanged characters, without thinking of a similar one said to have occurred in an ancient parsonage a great while ago. The Rev. Mr. Regulus was an excellent man, rather eccentric and somewhat economical. Jonas, a farmer's boy, used sometimes to go with presents to the parsonage, a sharp-eyed little fellow, but rather uncouth in his manners. One day he brought in a leg of mutton, laid it down without ceremony, and was making off.

"I'll teach that boy a lesson in good manners," said Mr. Regulus to his wife. "He needs to have the clown rubbed off a little."

"Jonas! come back here a moment. Don't you know, my fine fellow that you shouldn't come into a house in this way, without knocking, and with your hat on. Sit down in my arm-chair. Imagine yourself the minister, and I'll come in with the mutton and show you how a boy ought to behave."

Jonas sits up gravely in the arm-chair, and Mr. Regulus goes out with the leg of mutton.

Enter Mr. Regulus, in the character of Jonas. He takes off his hat, with a low bow.

"My father sends his compliments to Mr. Regulus, and asks his pastor to accept a token of his regard."

Jonas, from the arm-chair:

"I thank you. *Mrs. Regulus, just give that boy a sixpence.*"

The lesson was mutual.—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

Going to Heaven.—Solomon Grisdale, curate of Merrington, who was very poor and had had a numerous family, lost his only cow. Mr. Surtees determined to raise a subscription for another cow, and waited on the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry (the late Karl Cornwallis), then Dean of Durham, and owner of the great tithes of Merrington, to ask what he would give. "Give," said his lordship, "why, a cow, to be sure. Go, Mr. Surtees, to Woodfield, my steward, and tell him to give you as much money as will buy the best cow you will find." Mr. Surtees, who had not expected above a five-pound note at most, exclaimed, "My lord, I hope you'll ride to heaven upon the back of that cow!" Awhile afterwards he was saluted in the college by the late Lord Barrington, with—"Surtees, what is this absurd speech that I hear you have been making to the dean?" "I see nothing absurd in it," was the reply: "when the dean rides to heaven on the back of that cow, many of you prebendaries will be glad to lay hold of her tail."

☞ The Most Difficult Question of All.—"Who's your friend?"—*Punch.*

A SCOTCH ANSWER.

The Rev. Ralph Erskine, on a certain occasion, paid a visit to his venerable brother Ebenezer.

"Oh, man," said the latter, "but you come in a gude time. I have a deal of examination to-day, and ye maun tak' it, as I have matters o' importance to settle at Perth."

"With all my heart," quoth Ralph.

"Noo," says Ebenezer, "ye'll find a' my folks easy to examine but ane, and him I reckon ye had better na meddle wi'. He has an old-fashioned Scotch way o' answering ane question by putting another, and may be he'll affront ye."

"Affront me!" quoth the indignant theologian, "do you think he can foil me wi' my ane tools?"

"A weel," says his brother, "I'se gie ye fair warning ye had better na ca' tim up."

The recusant was one Walter Simpson, the vulcan of the parish. The gifted Ralph determined to silence him at once with a leading unanswerable question. Accordingly, after putting a variety of simple preliminary interrogatories to the minor clod hoppers, he at once, with a loud voice cried out—

"Walter Simpson!"

"Here, sir!" says Walter; "are ye wanting me?"

"Attention, sir! Now, Walter, can you tell me how long Adam stood in a state of innocence?"

"Ay, till he got a wife," instantly cried the anvil-hammerer; "but can you tell me how long he stood after?"

"Sit down, Walter," said the discomfited divine.

THE ARITHMETIC OF LIFE.

[We have never seen long life better "ciphered up" than in the following passage from Planche:]

Threescore and ten, by common calculation,
The years of man amount to—but we'll say
He turns fourscore; yet, in my estimation,
In all those years he has not lived a day.
Out of the eighty you must first remember
The hours of night you pass asleep in bed;
And, counting from December to December,
Just half your life you'll find you have been dead.
To forty years at once by this reduction
We come; and sure the first five of your birth,
While cutting teeth and living upon suction,
You're not alive to what this life is worth!
From thirty-five next take, for education,
Fifteen, at least, at college and at school,
When, notwithstanding all your application,
The chances are you may turn out a fool.
Still twenty we have left us to dispose of,
But during them youf fortune you've to make;
And granting, with the luck of some one knows of,
'Tis made in ten, that's ten from life to take.
Out of the ten yet left, you must allow for
The time for shaving, tooth and other aches—
Say four, and that leaves six, too short, I vow, for
Regretting past and making fresh mistakes!
Meanwhile each hour dispels some fond illusion,
Until at length, *sans* eyes, *sans* teeth, you may
Have scarcely sense to come to this conclusion,
You've reached fourscore, but haven't lived a day.

GOOD NATURE.

Be good natured. Nothing operates against a man's happiness more than ill nature; it is, in fact, the very bane of his existence. It deprives him of all pleasures, except such as he may be able to give himself—it is a complete bar against his entry into any social amusements, and has the effect of rendering him miserable, as well as those with whom he is thrown in contact. Who ever heard of a happy ill-natured man? Why, the thing is morally impossible. Always growling if anything goes wrong, and if nothing goes wrong he is miserable because he has nothing to growl at. Such a man is really an object of pity and commisseration. He lives a secluded, isolated life, views the world through the medium of his ill-nature, and dies disgusted with everything and everybody, except himself, whom he vainly imagines to be a perfect pattern to the rest of mankind. Oh! do shun such a life. If you are not naturally good natured, cultivate good nature, and rest assured you will not repent it; if you like pleasure, you will be good natured, for you will be more fitted to enjoy it; if you wish to be happy, you will be good natured, for happiness is so co-existent with good nature; if you love your fellow man, you will be good natured, for you will, as far as your individual self is concerned, render his existence in this world a pleasure instead of a pain and turn the desert places of his life into gardens of joy. Then be good natured! How much you will gain by it, how little it will cost you! Be good natured, it will save you a world of trouble, and you will rest satisfied in the consciousness of having done your duty. For:

"Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We should each endeavor, while passing along,
To make it smooth as we can."

Manners.—Young folks should be mannerly, but how to be is a question. Many good boys and girls feel that they cannot behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They are awkward, clownish, rough. They feel timid, bashful, and self-distrustful, the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling, and acquire easy and graceful manners, and that is, to do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned so much as acquired by habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly, and be manly at home, and then it will become a kind of second nature everywhere. A coarse rough manner at home, begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off if we try, when we go among strangers.

The most agreeable persons we have ever known in company, were those who were most agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things.

☞ We might pardon the ungrateful if they would forget who are their enemies as speedily and as completely as they often forget who were their friends.

RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

Sentimental Young Lady.—Will you be so obliging, Mr. Tongs, as to cut off a long piece of hair where it will not be missed.

A LOVING OURANG-OUTANG.

The following story is a fair sample of the morbid taste for excitement which marks the French literature of the present day. It is headed "Two Months' Captivity Among The Gorillas."

A gentleman, of the particular species of *flaneur* which affects the Jardins des Plantes, while gaping at the huge and formidable proportions of the gorilla, hears a sailor anathematizing him as the "*vieux coquin* of a Barabbas;" and it appears that the sailor and the ape are old acquaintances, and each on recognizing the other manifests a hostility which requires explanation. Sailor is nothing loath to unbosom, and says he, "I was left ashore at Gaboon by the rest of the boat's crew of the Belle Charlotte of Saint Malo, having missed my way. I went to sleep in the woods; woke up and saw yonder rascal close to me; fired at him, and he fell; went to pick him up, when he knocked me down, and, seizing me by the legs, threw me over his shoulder, and trotted off into the woods. After carrying me a long distance, he threw me down before a circle of some fifty other gorillas, who very soon pronounced a verdict upon me. Barabbas then seized me by the legs again, and whirled me round in the air *preparatory to smashing my occos-nut against a rock*. I thought it was all over, when suddenly a young female gorilla stepped up to him, and with an air of authority told him, as plain as she could speak, to release me. This was no other than the queen of the gorillas, who had taken a fancy to me, and determined to save my life. Poor thing, she was evidently deeply smitten, and I completed the conquest by curing a bad cough she had by means of a *ptisan of gomme sucree* which I managed to make out of the wild plants in the woods. For two months I lived among the gorillas, during which time she constantly protected me from their attacks, especially from old Barabbas there; at last I made my dear Charlotte (for so I had got to call her) understand, that if she died I should fall a victim to the jealousy of the tribe, and she consented to manage my escape. When they were all asleep she led me to the shore, and there what should I see but my ship at anchor in the bay. Bidding Charlotte adieu, I plunged into the waves and quickly regained the ship. I had scarcely finished telling my comrades the wonderful adventures that had befallen me, when I perceived by the moonlight something swimming off from the shore, and making for the ship. My fears immediately suggested Barabbas, and taking a musket from the ship's sentry, I took good aim, and fired. A piercing shriek told me how true had been my aim; the creature's blood dyed the waves; but still it continued to swim towards the ship, it takes hold of the cable, and, with a last effort, throws on board a glittering object, which falls at my feet. I recognized my own brooch, which I had given to Charlotte. 'Twas she, and I had murdered her. I plunged overboard. I support her dying form in the waves, and we are hauled on board together; but 'twas too late. Barabbas was avenged. She looked up in my face with an expression of indescribable tenderness, clasped my hands in hers, and breathed her last upon the deck. Need I say that I burst into tears? Ah! monsieur, you weep too? You are right, let us join our tears to the memory of my Charlotte!"

There's a nice bit of rubbish for the lovers of natural or rather unnatural history, and enlightened minds in general. J. H.

Agricultural.

WHERE TO PLANT A FOREST.

In some sections of the country, certain useless shrubs and bushes, such as alders, willows, ivies, furs, hard-sacks, etc., have overrun and taken full possession of large tracts of land. The soils on which these bushes grow are generally too wet for common cultivation, the cost and labor of draining, clearing, etc., is so great that whole fields in some cases are entirely abandoned and given up to these pests of the farm, and from which the owner derives comparatively not the slightest benefit, and they are apparently destined to remain so for an unlimited space of time. These lands were originally in most cases, dense forests and covered with valuable timber, such as pine, hemlock, beech, maple, ash, butternut, elm, and other varieties adapted by nature to such soils. Were the same lands now so covered, they would be regarded as valuable tracts, adding materially to the value and worth of any man's farm.

Now, most of these lands, by the application of a little skill and labor, can be made in the course of time into valuable forests and woodlots, enhancing instead of detracting as they now do, from the value of any farm on which they are located. If any one doubts this, let him inclose a field of hard-hacks, for instance, (if he is so unfortunate as to possess one) and keep all cattle and other stock from roaming over it. In two or three years he will discover a few scattering young trees, which are adapted to the soil springing up spontaneously and naturally amid the thick growth of shrubbery. This should convince him that if cattle continue to be excluded and nothing more done, the field will of itself eventually become a forest by the operations of nature alone. To expedite the growth of a forest he has only to imitate and aid nature, in her efforts, by planting the seeds of trees, either in the field or nursery, to be removed to the field at the age of a year or two. This done and the labor is nearly completed. Slight pruning, judiciously and occasionally performed, will be needed, and a portion of the hard-hack or shrubbery growing on the field should annually be cut and placed over the roots of young trees to serve as mulch and fertiliser. The hard hacks thus become a fertiliser to the growing trees for a long term of years, and until the trees have once shaded the ground and thus destroyed them, by which time the falling leaves from the trees, as in all forests, will tend to keep up the fertility.

A field which has long been overrun with the hard-sack is also well adapted to the growth of forest trees from the circumstance that it is a quadrennial. There is a constant decaying and reproducing of the shrub; hence a vast amount of decayed vegetable matter has accumulated in the soil where this shrub has covered the surface for the last 25 or 50 years, as it has in many instances. The thick growth of the shrub always prevents the wind from sweeping away and scattering the decaying wood and leaves which annually fall to the ground, where it remains in an inert state, and from its nature it is well adapted to promote the growth of trees of all kinds, and we have only to plant those adapted to wet soils to insure in due time a valuable forest.

Of course a series of years must elapse before any profit can be derived, but this objection is no more applicable in this case than in scores of other cases in farm improvements; and though it may be truly said that he who plants a forest plants for his posterity, it is equally true that a valuable forest in any of the old States, at least and especially on lands which would otherwise have been valueless, is an inheritance fully equal to one of silver and gold.—*Homestead.*

Remedy for Bone Spavin.—For the benefit of all who may have horses afflicted with bone spavin, I send you the recipe, which is considered a sure cure:—Take one pound of angle worms, *fry* them well in a pound of butter, and, after it is cool, add one gill of spirits of turpentine. Take one ounce of origanum oil, which mix with one gill of spirits of turpentine. Every morning rub the spavin with the angle worm mixture, heated in with a hot iron. Every evening rub with the origanum mixture. By the time these are used, the horse will begin to improve. During the operation, it will often appear to make him worse, but this must not be regarded as injurious. It does not remove the bunch, but will remove the disease and cure the lameness. I have used the remedy in several cases, and in no instance have failed of effecting a cure. During the last year, a neighbor of mine has used it on a spavin of seven years' standing, the horse being so lame that it could not be used. For the last four or five months it has been entirely free from lameness, and is now considered sound. The bunch is so large sometimes as to bind the joints and make it difficult for the horse to step over bars, or a fence, when not let down. The horse may be worked moderately, but not drawn hard, or driven fast, until a cure is effected. Care should also be taken to keep the horse-shoe so calked as to prevent his slipping, either on the ice or stable floor.—*Rural New Yorker.*

Culture of the Garden Pea.—The proper culture of this vegetable is very simple, but is practised by but few persons. The word *marrowfat* is suggestive of melting richness, and sounds very tempting, and if the pea receives proper treatment, it will prove its right to the title. This plant or vine likes good food, but if given the gross feed required by the cabbage, beet and onion, the vines will be tall, green and luxuriant, while the crop of peas will be very meagre. Practice has proved our method good, and we ask every farmer's wife, who has not a better, to give ours a trial. The plot intended for peas should be manured, spaded and raked in the fall. The first good season that comes after the middle of December the seed should be sown. Stretch your line; now draw a shallow drill each side of it; drop in the seed; then before covering them, lay on the outer side of each drill a row of common fence rails; now cover the seed; then fill up even with good manure. When they are six or eight inches high, stick them with brushy sticks of about five feet in length. This comprises the entire culture; they never require working. In July we pull up the vines to make room for celery; and unless the spring and summer have been very dry, they are then full of peas. After trying a variety of sorts, we have discarded all but three. For early use we prefer the "Daniel O'Rourke," next to that the "Early Emperor." For later use there can be no better than the "Champion of England." We obtained these seed originally from the Patent Office, and have never been such a poor gardener as to be under the necessity of buying or begging garden seeds, but annually give away a great many.—*American Farmer.*

Mildew in Gooseberries.—Applications of powdered sulphur to the foliage and fruit of the gooseberry, when the fruit begins to form and increase in size, is said to be a complete protection from mildew. The application should be made every few days. Spent tan, placed around the bushes, preserves them from the ravages of the gooseberry worm, it is said.

Remedy for the Cut-worm.—The most thorough mode of destroying the cut-worm is to fatten hogs in the truck patch or garden, after the crops are taken off in fall or winter. They destroy the larvæ.—*A Kentucky Farmer in Country Gentleman.*

Useful Receipts.

Treatment of Burns.—Flour has been extensively recommended for burns; but seeing it tried several times, increasing the pain intolerably in every instance, I would not use it, nor have it used. But a short time ago, one of my family was scalded on the hand quite badly—flour was first applied, but could not be borne. Next the skin of hog's lard was applied, which relieved the pain almost at once, and entirely. If the skin of lard cannot be had, oiled silk would be a good substitute.—*Country Gentleman.*

To Clean Feathers for Beds.—Several years ago we published the following recipe for cleansing feathers of their animal oils before using them for beds. It will do our friend, and probably some others, some good to publish again. So here you have it:

Take for every gallon of clean water, one pound of quick lime, mix them well together, and when the undissolved lime is precipitated in fine powder, pour off the clean lime water for use; put the feathers to be cleansed into another tub, and add to them a quantity of the clean lime water sufficient to cover them about three inches when immersed and stirred about therein. The feathers, when thoroughly moistened will sink down, and should remain in the lime water three or four days; after which, the foul liquor should be separated from them by laying them in a sieve. The feathers should be afterwards well washed in clean water, and dried upon nets. The feathers must be from time to time shaken on the nets as they dry, and as they dry will fall through the meshes, and are to be collected for use. The free admission of air will be serviceable in drying. The process will take three or four weeks, and after being thus prepared, will only require to be beaten to rid them of any dust that may still adhere to them.—*Maine Farmer.*

Dental Cream.—Under this title, M. Gautier, a dentist of Paris, describes a composition which he says is of great utility in facilitating cutting the teeth. It consists of gum, sugar, and honey, equal parts of each, with *quantum sufficit* of lime-water. This is to be rubbed for several minutes three or four times a day, into the portion of the gum about to be penetrated. The gum becomes softened and thinned, and the tooth is much more easily cut.—*Pharmaceutical Journal.*

Disinfectant.—The Rev. Mr. Seeley, who has been preaching at Paris, France, at the American Chapel, gives to the Springfield Republican an account of a new "Disinfecting Powder" lately discovered in France by Messrs. Corne and Demeaux. It is produced from a mixture of ordinary plaster of Paris and coal tar. Its proportions are one hundred parts of plaster of Paris to three of the coal tar. The mixture must be made in a mortar or in a hand-mill, and the pounding continued until the two ingredients are thoroughly mixed. It is sold in Paris at ten cents a pound. For preventing the disagreeable odor of sinks, &c., the effect is instantaneous, and it is much cheaper than chloride of lime for this purpose. A small piece not bigger than a pin's head will render fit for use a pint and a half of water that is beginning to grow putrescent. It can be used in agriculture as a fertilizer, which will purify a heap of manure, and enrich the soil. It has been employed in hospitals as a disinfectant, and by the surgeons on putrid, bad smelling sores. It is well worth trying in this country.

☞ There is a man in Indiana so thin that when the sheriff is after him he crawls into his rifle and watches his adversary through the touch-hole.

☞ Good thoughts are no better than good dreams, unless they be executed.

☞ In the woods is perpetual youth.—*Emerson.*

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 3, 4, 28, 13, 2, is a river in Sweden.
My 8, 11, 38, 3, 17, is one of the Western Isles.
My 28, 21, 4, 13, is a river in Russia.
My 17, 41, 7, 23, is a lake in Ireland.
My 6, 4, 9, 31, 33, is a river in Vermont.
My 1, 13, 12, 9, 10, 31, 21, is a lake in Maine.
My 7, 13, 17, 30, 29, is a river in Mexico.
My 8, 37, 11, is a county in Iowa.
My 38, 11, 2, 14, 29, 25, 28, is a river in England.
My 18, 11, 19, 2, 8, 26, 16, is a head on the coast of Ireland.
My 8, 2, 7, 1, 6, 14, 15, is a town in England.
My 12, 21, 17, 17, 9, 13, is a division of Europe.
My 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18, 39, is a county in Georgia.
My 11, 12, 3, 23, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 23, 40, 12, 41, 37, 4, 17, is a lake in Australia.
My 1, 12, 40, 17, 17, is a cape on the coast of Africa.
My 30, 13, 33, 15, 29, 10, 12, 9, 13, 33, are mountains in Spain.
My 18, 12, 29, 39, is a firth in Scotland.
My 42, 3, 8, 2, 13, 12, 33, 37, 39, is a lake in Ireland.
My 18, 40, 38, 39, is a river in Wales.
My 17, 21, 33, 28, 37, 12, 8, 13, 4, 28, is a town in England.
My 10, 12, 11, 17, 17, 13, 39, is one of the Shetland Isles.
My 41, 9, 1, 11, is a lake in Canada.
My 17, 13, 8, 18, is a desert in Persia.
My 17, 3, 11, 12, 41, 13, 37, 17, 20, 12, 23, 14, 2, 29, are mountains in Portugal.
My 28, 11, 13, 12, 10, 24, 41, 16, is a county in Indiana.
My 12, 37, 39, 23, 17, is a lake in Peru.
My 26, 11, 14, 29, 38, 13, 12, 23, is a county in Iowa.
My 42, 13, 4, 31, is a town in Sweden.
My whole is an institution for education.

Cumberland Valley, Pa. A. SMITH.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In summer sky, [illegible] Topaz
And earth is fathe- weather's hot,
[illegible]ot parched and dry,
How oft we look from out our cot,
And wish my first was nigh.

In ancient times when art was low,
And learned men were few,
Men with my second to war did go,
And many thousands slew.

My whole by you is often seen,
And wonder strikes you then,
But can you tell me what I mean,
Ye wonder-thinking men?

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

ANAGRAMS

On Counties in the Western and Middle States.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Rest some. Males.
Lad Ben. I tar, o, no.
Ram tin. A rat, o, gas.
Nay, we. Tax Bron.
Lad, we are.

Philadelphia, Pa. C. H. M.

MENSURATION QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A neighbor of mine owns a triangular tract of land, at the corners whereof are an ash, a birch, and a chestnut. The line between the ash and the birch is 150 perches in length, and when a perpendicular from this line is raised to the third corner (the chestnut), said perpendicular is 40 perches more than the distance from the ash to the place where such perpendicular strikes this line between the ash and the birch. The said perpendicular being to the other side, or remainder of this line, as 4 is to 3; and the difference in the squares of the other two sides (the square of line between the birch and the chestnut, minus the square of the line between the ash and the chestnut,) is 2,700. What is the area of this triangular-shaped tract of land?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Within a circular garden I wish to inscribe as many circular flower-beds as possible, the diameter of each bed to be equal to ⅓ of the radius of the garden. How many can I inscribe?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are shepherds and fishermen like beggars? Ans.—Because they live by hook or by crook.

☞ What is the difference between one who walks and one who looks up a flight of stairs? Ans.—One steps up stairs, and the other stares up steps.

☞ Why should potatoes grow better than any other vegetables? Ans.—Because they have eyes to see what they are doing.

☞ "Why," asked a little girl, "is Fred about to start on his travels, like a man that has fallen off a tree and is determined to go up again?" Ans.—"Because he is going to try another clime!"

☞ What is the difference between an Emperor and a beggar? Ans.—The one issues manifestoes, the other manifests toes without 'is shoes.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—The Lady of the Lake. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Hon. John Minor Botts. CHARADE—Hamlet. CHARADE—Learning. TRANSPOSITIONS—Health ANAGRAMS—Walworth, Buchanan, Mahaska, Grand Isle, Bradford, St. Tammany, Oswego, Montour, New Castle, Carroll. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—117 feet 9 inches. GEOMETRICAL QUESTION—18.54380184, the convex surface generated. 7.45310820, the solidity of the body generated.

☞ Fools measure actions after they are done by the event; wise men beforehand, by the rules of reason and right. The former look to the end, to judge of the act. Let me look to the act, and leave the end with God.—*Bishop Hale.*

☞ The truly independent man is he who is free from obligations.